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ART. I.—*An Account of the Island of Ceylon, containing its History, Geography, Natural History, with the Manners and Customs of its various Inhabitants; to which is added, the Journal of an Embassy to the Court of Candy. Illustrated by a Map and Charts. By Robert Percival, Esq. &c.* 4*to.* 1*l.* 8*s. Boards.* C. *and* R. Baldwin. 1803.

HAD this work engaged our attention at an earlier period, it would have excited interest unalloyed by regret: had it attracted the notice of those who conduct the affairs of India, the cause of that regret might have been avoided. The opposition of a numerous warlike race, in a country obstructed on every side by impenetrable forests, where the climate is a worse enemy than the opposing sword, should have been duly weighed before hostilities had been commenced. But this is not our province: we must rather look at Ceylon as philosophers, geographers, and natural historians. It is, in many respects, new ground—for few intelligent travellers have preceded Mr. Percival—and to the reader it promises a fruitful harvest.

Ceylon was known at a very early period; for it was the Tapobrana of the ancients, an island to which geographers assigned a very considerable extent. This error it is not easy to account for. Some authors have supposed that navigators who approached the Peninsula far to the north of Ceylon, considered it as a part of the island; but its situation with respect to India was known; and the strait which divides it from the continent, ancient geographers had described. The error, too, is not less in length than in breadth: had the latter only taken place, we might have supposed it a continuation of the mistake of Ptolemy, who extended the longitudes of every part of the globe too far to the east.

Among the few principles of the philosophy of geography that we possess, one is, that at the southern or the south-eastern projection of every continent exists an island of no inconsiderable extent. At the extremity of America is the

Terra del Fuego; at the extremity of Africa, Madagascar; at that of India, Ceylon. This we consider as the consequence of a cause more general—*viz.* a current to the north and to the west. The proofs of the existence of such a current we have often mentioned; and we need only here notice the openings from the great oceans to the west and north—*viz.* the Categat; the English Channel; the Bay of Biscay; the Mediterranean; the Gulf of Guinea; the Gulf of Siam; the Straits of Sunda, Malacca, and Torres, which separate New Holland from the Asiatic islands; the Bay of Panama; the Gulf of California; Prince William's Sound, &c. On the opposite coasts there are, undoubtedly, similar appearances, but less numerous; and while on the former shores there are marks of an encroaching ocean, on the latter the sea is apparently retiring.

Ceylon, formed by the effects of such a current as we have just decribed, has been evidently separated from the peninsula of India. Its northern and north-western coasts, which answer to the south-eastern extremity of India, are flat, interspersed with islands, and at no great distance from it. The principal harbour, Trincomalee, is on the north-east; and, in this respect, a contradiction to the general rule above mentioned; but its principal range of mountains is, as usual, at no great distance from the western, though nearer to the southern shores; and the rivers which fall to the west, the south, and the east, arise from these. The harbour of Trincomalee, also, is much shallower than that of Columbo on the western coast.

Mr. Percival first gives a general description of the island, and its history. The flat shores extend to no great distance. Hills soon rise, rapidly covered with impenetrable forests, interspersed with the rudest and most deceitful jungles. The Portuguese, its first European possessors, soon yielded to the more steady intrepidity and deeper cunning of the Dutch; but each nation, when attempting to extend their dominion beyond the coasts, soon experienced the most fatal defeats.

Ceylon is nearly 300 miles in length, and about 900 in circumference; like the islands in the Mediterranean, it is broader at the base than at the northern extremity; and divided, as we have said, from the coast of Coromandel, by a strait interspersed with shoals, and impassable by large ships. Whatever becomes of the philosophical system, we must observe that the eastern coast is bold and rocky, the western more flat, and almost without a harbour; for at Columbo there is only a roadsted. The inlets on this side, which do not form harbours, are numerous; a circumstance which the local situation of Ceylon would explain so satisfactorily, that it could scarcely be styled an exception. Though in scarcely more than seven degrees of latitude, the heat on the shore is mitigated so far by the sea-breezes, as to be neither unpleasant nor unhealthy. The interior, however, is

more oppressively hot, and less pointedly salubrious. The harbour of Trincomalée is well known to constitute the chief value of the island, as it affords a secure shelter to the shipping of Madras from the monsoons, that commence here and on the coast of Coromandel nearly at the same season. The only other harbour is at Point de Galle, on the south. On the eastern coast there are numerous lakes, which facilitate the inland communication. The European possessions form (at least they formed) a belt round the coast: the interior part is possessed by the natives, whom we shall presently notice. We may just mention, that Ceylon is considered by the natives, either as the Paradise of Adam, or the spot to which he was driven. The direct line, from the north-eastern coast to the continent, is still called Adam's Bridge; and the name of our great progenitor is also discovered in the internal parts. Provisions, particularly fishes, are plentiful; but esculent vegetables sometimes scarce, as it is hardly possible to preserve seeds, and they soon degenerate.

Mr. Percival delineates the circumscribing belt in possession of Europeans; and we first meet with an account of the pearl-fishery in Condatchy Bay. This chapter contains some curious details; but they have already occurred to the English reader, and indeed could not be abridged. We shall prefer, therefore, extracting a description of the country around and to the south of Columbo, which is perhaps equally interesting and less generally known.

'The country around Columbo, for several miles, is flat and very rich. It is diversified with fields of rice and pasture, as well as a variety of groves, among which the cocoa-tree is particularly conspicuous. A number of gentle eminences scattered up and down through the plains, afford an opportunity of enjoying this delightful prospect, which is farther embellished with a number of small rivers, lakes, and canals. The shady roads, which every where intersect the country, afford an agreeable shelter to the traveller; while the numerous country-seats and gardens which skirt them, present his eye with a continual change of gratification. Here it is that the most wealthy Dutch gentlemen have their country residences. The late governor, M. Van Anglebeck, had a very pretty house delightfully situated on the banks of the Mutwal, where the river extends itself into a very broad channel; and, with its numerous windings, affords a most enchanting prospect from the road, which runs along its banks for many miles. The house occupied by governor North, about a mile from the fort, is a very elegant building; and, with the surrounding gardens and grounds, furnishes a delightful residence.

'One of the chief beauties in the neighbourhood of Columbo, is the immense number of cinnamon trees, which produce the riches of the island. In the woods they grow wild in abundance; and in the gardens they are now regularly cultivated with the greatest success.

'On proceeding southward from Columbo, the large groves of cocoa-trees, which are equally refreshing from their fruit and their

shade, still continue to skirt and shelter the road. It is therefore, upon the whole, pleasant to the traveller, although indeed the sand is somewhat fatiguing. The road lies quite by the sea-side for six miles, till we arrive at the small village of Galkiest, where there is a church for the accommodation of both the Dutch and Cinglese; many of the natives having been converted to the Christian religion.

'From Galkiest to Pantura, a distance of twelve miles, the road is well shaded and pleasantly diversified by a part of the cinnamon gardens, which stretches across this tract. Pantura is a village with a church; and barracks have been erected here for the troops to rest in occasionally, in their route from Columbo to Point de Galle. On our way hither, it is necessary to pass a river of considerable breadth, which runs into the sea close by.

'From Pantura to Caltura, a distance of ten miles, the whole country may be considered as one delightful grove; and the road has entirely the appearance of a broad walk through a shady garden. Few spaces of it are so much exposed, as to allow even the hottest sun at noon-day to penetrate it. The grateful refrehment such a road affords to a traveller in this sultry climate, can only be conceived by those who have passed from Columbo to Caltura.' P. 124.

The eastern coast is less important, as it is almost inaccessible in many parts, and the road lies almost on the shore. We do not perceive on what authority the boundary is laid down in this part. It appears in general that the hills and forests have limited European possessions; and those on the eastern coast seem to extend to the sea.

The European inhabitants of Ceylon are Portuguese and Dutch; the Asiatic, Malays and aboriginals: of the latter, those connected with Europeans are called Cinglese, the corruption probably of Ceylonese, and Candians, who are subjects of the monarch. The Portuguese, as they are called, are a mixed race descended from the first conquerors—mean, treacherous, and in every respect despicable. The Dutch, between the tropics, have lost their persevering industry, are indolent, luxurious, and enervated. The Malays preserve their features and their manners; but their cruelty has lost its harsher traces, in consequence of diminished tyranny; and they no longer evince revenge, excepting when excited by injuries or oppression. They are said to make spirited and active soldiers; and when punished with justice, on the decision of their own officers, and according to their own laws, they patiently acquiesce.

The Ceylonese are, in our author's opinion, distinct from the Hindus, and resemble rather the inhabitants of the Maldive islands. They are of a middling stature, and fairer than the Malabars of the continent, though neither so well formed, nor so strong. The Candians are superior in complexion, form, and manliness, to the Cinglese.

'The women are not so tall in proportion as the men: they are much fairer, and approach to a yellow or mulatto colour. They con-

tinually anoint their bodies with cocoa-nut oil; and in particular always keep their hair moist with it. Both sexes are remarkably clean and neat both in their persons and houses. In dressing their victuals they are scrupulously nice. They are cautious not even to touch the vessel out of which they drink with their lips; but (what would seem a very awkward method to a European) they hold the vessel at some distance over their heads, and literally pour the drink down their throats. It is perhaps from the fear of not doing it with sufficient dexterity that they never use their left hand in preparing their food, or in eating it. While at meals, they seldom converse with each other: they even seem to look upon the whole business of eating as something rather required by necessity, than very consistent with decency: while drinking they never turn their faces towards each other.

'In their diet they are exceedingly abstemious; fruits and rice constitute the chief part of their food. In some places where fish abounds, they make it a portion of their meals: but scarcely any where is flesh in common use.

'The Ceylonese are courteous and polite in their demeanour, even to a degree far exceeding their civilization. In several qualities they are greatly superior to all other Indians who have fallen within the sphere of my observation. I have already exempted them from the censure of stealing and lying, which seem to be almost inherent in the nature of an Indian. They are mild and by no means captious or passionate in their intercourse with each other; though when once their anger is roused, it is proportionably furious and lasting. Their hatred is indeed mortal, and they will frequently destroy themselves to obtain the destruction of the detested object. One instance will serve to shew the extent to which this passion is carried. If a Ceylonese cannot obtain money due to him by another, he goes to his debtor, and threatens to kill himself if he is not instantly paid. This threat, which is sometimes put in execution, reduces the debtor, if it be in his power, to immediate compliance with the demand; as by their law if any man causes the loss of another man's life, his own is the forfeit. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is a proverbial expression continually in their mouths. This is on other occasions a very common mode of revenge among them; and a Ceylonese has often been known to contrive to kill himself in the company of his enemy, that the latter might suffer for it.

'This dreadful spirit of revenge, so inconsistent with the usual mild and humane sentiments of the Ceylonese, and much more congenial to the bloody temper of a Malay, still continues to be fostered by the sacred customs of the Candians. Among the Cinglese however it has been greatly mitigated by their intercourse with Europeans. The desperate mode of obtaining revenge which I have just described has been given up from having been disappointed of its object; as in all those parts under our dominion the European modes of investigating and punishing crimes are enforced.' P. 169.

The Cinglese possess the ceremonious gravity of Asiatics, and chew, almost constantly, the betel-leaf, with lime. The women are treated with respect; but chastity seems not to be highly

valued. Polygamy is not common, since divorce is easy. The language resembles the Maldivian; but there is a very copious mixture of the Arabic. The Cinglese have few pretensions to literature; and are unskilled in the arts. At Adam's Peak, their principal place of worship, there are some inscriptions which no one yet has been able to decipher. They write with a steel pencil on the leaves of a talipot-tree, and the characters are rendered visible by rubbing them over with charcoal, which fills the impressions. We remember seeing, some years since, bundles of leaves with characters, apparently Arabic, inscribed on them, exactly resembling those represented by Mr. Percival, which were said to be Egyptian, and their substance the celebrated papyrus. They must have been Cinglese, unless these and the Egyptian are the same; which is highly improbable. They were then in the British Museum.

The religion of the Cinglese is that of Budhah, which prevailed so generally in Asia before the establishment of the supremacy of Bramha. The minds of the Cinglese, however, are weak and credulous: they yield to the most unmanly fears, and are a prey to the most abject superstition. They differ from the Candians chiefly in weakness and effeminacy—circumstances which may be owing to a less robust and active life, a warmer climate, and amidst greater indulgences. The superior ranks of the Cinglese are still more effeminate: they are said to respect the Europeans, and to show a particular attachment to the English. Mr. Percival thinks that this island may become one of the most valuable colonies of the east, if the friendship of the natives be conciliated, and the error of former colonists, who attempted to subdue them, avoided. We have to regret that this advice, in every view just and salutary, has not been attended to.

The interior part of the island is greatly inferior to the seacoast; broken by hills; devastated by torrents in the rainy season, and parched by drought at other times. The hills are broken and isolated; but a chain of mountains, rising from about the middle of the island, or rather more near to the north, passes westward and terminates on the south-west. In this way, the island is divided into two considerably different climates. The whole country is in general barren, slightly and imperfectly cultivated; the manners of the inhabitants rude and savage, with few traces of civilisation. They despise the Cinglese, because they have submitted to Europeans, and are equally jealous of the conquered and the victors. The Candians are divided into casts; but those who have degraded themselves so as to lose their cast, are consigned to servility and infamy: these wretches must herd only with each other, eat the scanty and uncertain meal of charity, follow no profession, and reverence

the lowest Candian with a servility which an Asiatic despot claims from his meanest subject.

The king of Candy is considered, in his island, as the greatest monarch of the universe. Every thing is calculated to keep all below him on the same level. His first minister (the adigar) only approaches him to offer any communications: he is consequently the executive power. The monarch is despotic; but there are certain immutable laws which he is expected to reverence; although he is himself the interpreter of these laws; and, with all the power in his hands, an attack upon his disobedience is dangerous and uncertain. The crown is elective; but the descendents, particularly by the female branch, are usually preferred. The army of the king is said to amount to 20,000 men, independent of the militia; but ill-armed, with scarcely clothes or discipline. A body of foreigners is also kept in pay; and the greatest jealousy and distrust are artfully diffused between these and the rest of the army, between the army and the people, &c. —marks of great internal weakness. A mild and liberal policy had been established at the time our author wrote: we can only regret that circumstances have occasioned a change of system.

In the interior of the island, there is another race, equally distant from the Candians and Cinglese. They are savage and independent, disdaining every degree of civilisation, rejecting clothing, and flying from every kind of communication which may affect their freedom. Some similar aboriginal race occurs in every country; and these are to the Candians, what the Celts of Europe are to the Goths. This race (the Bedahs) are fairer than the Cinglese; their complexion approaches more to a copper-colour: they are well made, armed with bows and arrows, and probably have a language peculiarly their own.

Of the animals of Ceylon, the elephant is pre-eminent; and the number of elephants in Ceylon, as well as their peculiar excellence, shows that this island must have been part of a continent. There are a few horses in the neighbouring islands, of a smaller kind; but the buffalo is mostly employed in draught. The animals and vegetables of Ceylon are pleasingly, and, we believe, faithfully described; but we cannot follow the author in minute particulars.

'The rock-snake is an immense animal, extending to thirty feet in length. I have myself seen one twenty-two feet long, and about the thickness of a man's thigh: and I was told that much larger ones were to be found in the island. I had a transient glimpse of another as he glided past me through the bushes in the neighbourhood of Columbo; in size he seemed to exceed the one I had formerly seen. The rock-snake inhabits chiefly the rocky banks of rivers. His colour is greyish with broad white streaks. The animals, though formidable from their immense size, are perfectly free from poison. They are,

however, destructive to some of the smaller animals, and will devour kids, goats, hogs, poultry, &c. first twisting their tail round their prey, to break its bones and squeeze it to death.

'Before I arrived in the island, I had heard many stories of a monstrous snake, so vast in size as to be able to devour tigers and buffaloes, and so daring as even to attack the elephant. I made every inquiry on the spot concerning this terrible animal, but not one of the natives had ever heard of the monster. Probably these fabulous stories took their rise from an exaggerated account of the rock-snake.' P. 302.

This bulk and length render the animal sufficiently formidable, and have produced the surprising story of the anaconda, in some dictionaries. The animal writhes itself round its prey, though of a bulk superior to its own, and, compressing one part, adapts it to the size of its mouth. In this way it swallows buffaloes and tigers; and the story is only surprising, till it is explained that this is effected not at once, but in succession, during the course of two or three days.

'Alligators of an immense size infest all the rivers of Ceylon, and render them every where very dangerous: many persons continually fall victims to them. In the year 1799, when colonel Champagne was lieutenant-governor in the absence of Mr. North, an alligator was sent him down for inspection by one of the principal Cinglese. It was full twenty feet in length, and as thick in the body as a horse. It was killed about thirty miles from Columbo, and required two carts placed one after the other, and drawn by eight bullocks, to transport its immense body, while part of the tail still hung trailing on the ground. On being opened, it was found to have in its belly the head and arm of a black man not yet completely digested. The skin was of a knotty horny texture, like that of a young rhinoceros, and quite impenetrable to a musket ball. In February of the same year, when the escort of the governor, on his way to meet the Candian ambassador, arrived at Sittivacca, some of the soldiers having gone, after the fatigues of their march, to refresh themselves by bathing in the river which runs through this beautiful and romantick spot, they were alarmed to find the place pre-occupied by a number of alligators. Being present at the time, and happening to have a fowling-piece in my hand, I fired at two and killed them. They were young ones about eight feet in length.' P. 303.

The leeches are very alarming from their numbers, and the small red leech would probably destroy any man caught sleeping on the ground. The ants are singularly destructive; and the other little animals are objects of curiosity at least, if not of utility.

Ceylon furnishes the richest of the vegetable tribe; among which, the cinnamon is peculiarly valuable and important. The esculent fruits are also numerous and excellent: the *deraceous* plants are few, and those introduced by Europeans soon degene-

rate. The tea-plant is said to have been found in the northern part, which, if true, will be a valuable acquisition. The sugar-cane will, it is supposed, flourish in Ceylon; but the sugar-*tree* appears to be equally, if not more, valuable. Above all, the cocoa-tree, universally and extensively useful in all its parts, abounds in this island; and the coffee-tree has been successfully planted.

Ceylon possesses the precious stones in abundance; but its rubies, diamonds, and topazes, are inferior to those of Golconda and the Brasils: the others are excellent;—and a mine of quick-silver has been discovered in this island. Its mineral riches, however, are imperfectly known. But, for a particular description of the numerous natural productions of Ceylon, we must refer to the work.

Our author's reflexions on the improvement of the island, the requisite military establishment, &c. are, we fear, now useless, as it may be wrested from our hands. The conquest of the island, if expedient, was desirable; and the best interests of humanity and religion would have been well served in its attainment. The journal of the embassy shows only the difficult nature of the country, its abrupt mountains, its impenetrable jungles, and the unconquerable jealousy of its government.

Such is the description of an island, in many respects valuable and important, which we have hitherto imperfectly known. The historical relation of Knox, published in 1681, contains only some ill-digested facts, numerous tales of fancy and superstition, with very few observations of value. Wolf published his 'Reise nach Zeilan' at Berlin in 1782 and 1784, of which the first part only was translated, noticed in our First Series, vol. 59. The author was a dull writer, but a faithful observer; and the translation was executed indifferently. The second part is omitted; but a short description of the island by Eschelskron, consisting of forty-three pages, is added. We forgot to notice some very concise observations on the island of Ceylon, in the twenty-third volume of the Philosophical Transactions, by Mr. Strachan. These works we point out, to show how meagre and imperfect our former knowledge of this island was, and, consequently, to evince more strikingly the merits of the present very judicious and instructive 'Account;' which is illustrated by a very good map of the island, and some charts laid down from observation. Contrary to what we have had occasion to remark, the description and the maps are well connected.

ART. II.—*A Vindication of the Genuineness of the ancient British Poems of Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hên, and Merdhin, with Specimens of the Poems. By Sharon Turner, F. A. S.* 8*vo.* 5*s. Boards.* Longman *and* Rees. 1803.

IN animadverting on a former work of Mr. Turner's, we intimated a suspicion that the poems ascribed to the older Welsh bards were forgeries of their modern successors; and censured Mr. Turner for relying on them so confidentially as historic testimony. Our number for January, 1800, contains this unpardonable attack on the reputation of Mr. Turner; to whose learning and diligence, but not to whose judgement, we gave a forward and willing praise. Mr. Turner is resolved to overcome our scepticism; and opposes, to a single period, or paragraph, an octavo of nearly three hundred pages. One would think the Christian religion in danger; so methodical is the distribution of his matter into external and internal evidence; so formal is the arrangement of his testimonies in the order of their secular recurrence; so minutely numerous, infinitesimally fibrous, are the ramifications of argument which he applies to the defence of his proposition. We are not disposed to surrender without a little show of resistance.

In the Myvyrian Archæology are contained fourteen pages of verses, ascribed to Aneurin; about a hundred ascribed to Taliesin; nearly fifty ascribed to Llywarq; and many poems of both onymous and anonymous bards, who also claim to have flourished between the years 460 (Gwyddno, we believe, passes with the editors for the earliest) and 640 of the Christian æra; that is, about the time of the emperor Justinian.

The first argument advanced by Mr. Turner (p. 5.) is, that these poems were not communicated under the suspicious circumstances which attended the publication of Ossian and Rowley. Very true. No one affects to deny that these poems are very faithfully printed from Welsh manuscripts; not one of which, says Mr. Pinkerton, is older than the thirteenth century; and most of which are newer. The idea of their being forged by any of *our* contemporaries has never been entertained: it is merely contended that these manuscript collections of poems, these Welsh anthologies, first began to be made after the massacre of the bards by Edward in 1284; the memory of the reciters having been trusted to, until the formal extinction of the order of Dadgeiniaid. It is also contended, that poems, first reduced to writing about or after the year 1300, may be not even the traditional verses modified by each successive repeater from the favourite songs of the country, but wholly original poems, minted in the name of the old bards by anthologists of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

It would be impossible to follow Mr. Turner, step by step, without composing a volume as large as his own. We must therefore swerve a little from his method, and state our objections rather to the leading points than to the minute phænomena.

The oldest manuscript extant, as far as we can learn, is the Black Book of Caermarthen, now at Hengurt, in the library of Mr. Vaughan. It is written in two different hands: the concluding, and therefore more modern, portion of the book contains an elegy on the death of Madog ap Meredydh, prince of Powys, who died in 1158. This is said to be the latest mark of date in the manuscript. It cannot, therefore, be prior to 1160; but it may well be posterior to 1284. We suspect it to be long posterior.

The next oldest is, or was, a manuscript now known only by report from Lhwyd (for so Mr. Turner spells the name of the author of the Archæologia Britannica), which contained the poems of Aneurin. The third is a similar book of Taliesin. Neither of these works is within the ken of criticism.

The fourth, in point of antiquity, is the red book of Hergest. It is preserved at Oxford, and is referred by Lhwyd, who assuredly loved to antiquate his authorities, to the very end of the fourteenth century.

Mr. Pinkerton's position, therefore, remains uninvalidated, that no documents prior to the thirteenth century attest the existence of these poems. From these documents of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and subsequent centuries, Mr. Turner picks certain poems from among those ascribed to the oldest bards, in which the traces of novelty are certainly not very obvious, and maintains that they are really written by the authors enumerated. He admits that the dialogue between Merdhin and his sister Gwenddydd, is obviously surreptitious (p. 16.), and that the Hoianau is probably so—two poems which compose almost the whole of Merdhin's reputed works; yet he would have us receive the little remainder with entire confidence: and in this little remainder happen to be included (Myvyrian Archæology, vol. i. p. 132.) the oracles from his grave. Surely the opposite inference is at least equally natural—seven eighths being certainly forged, the remaining eighth may be suspected.

Mr. Turner enumerates (p. 33.) the poems which he has thought fit to distinguish from the mass as poems of defensible antiquity: we will transcribe his narrow list, and speak of each in its order.

'I do not propose this work to be a vindication of all the poems that have been generally attributed to Aneurin, Taliesin, Merdhin, or Llywarch Hên, or promiscuously published as theirs. My object is to authenticate the genuineness of such of them as I think beyond all dispute; and they are the following:

'Of Aneurin—the Gododin.

'Of Llywarch Hên — the Elegy on Geraint ab Erbin — ditto on Urien Reged—ditto on Cynddylan—ditto on Cadwallon—the Poem on his Old Age—ditto to Maenwyn—ditto to the Cuckoo.

'Of Merdhin—the Avallenau.

'Of Taliesin—the Poems to Urien, and on his Battles—his Dialogue with Merdhin—the Poems on Elphin—and his historical Elegies.' P. 33.

To begin with the Gododin. This hero is said to have fought against the Saxons the battle of Cattraeth, and to have flourished in the sixth century. The Saxons conquered with such slaughter, that only three Britons survived; and of these three, Aneurin, the author of the poem, was one.

It is very improbable that in any great battle only three should survive. It is still more improbable, that of these three, one should be a distinguished poet. The whole story has the air of romance, of invention, not of truth. Euripides survived a defeat in Sicily, and Horace in Greece: military courage may not be the natural companion of a lively imagination; yet the preservation of such a bard as Aneurin, when bards were so scarce, remains a suspicious circumstance. Now the assumed date of the poem reposes on the supposition of its containing real history. Aneurin notices Edinburgh, which was not yet in being. The first hero mentioned in the Gododin is Gredyv. He has a blue sword. Was the luxury of blue blades known before the crusades? We have always understood that this refinement in the preparation of steel came from Damascus. We should be happy to find it was of British invention, and domesticated in Colebrook-dale in the fifth century. Though it is possible that the epithet *blue* may be merely a poetical and general description of the polish, and not refer to the chemical manufacture of the metal. Gredyv is also adorned with ermine. We know, from the voyage of Octher, that a considerable fur-trade was carried on in the Baltic before the close of the ninth century: but this intercourse seems chiefly to have prevailed between the Norman or Gothic nations; and was, in Britain, limited to the Saxon shore. It is not therefore very likely that the white skins of the arctic animals should be an habitual ornament in Wales so early. Caeawg, a second leader, is adorned with beads of amber. This is another production of Baltic commerce, a luxury learned of the Saxons. It cannot well be supposed that any Saxon usages or luxuries had much penetrated into Wales in the sixth century. The Saxons were yet known only as foes: a pacific interval of friendly intercourse, and of intercourse after the balance of civilisation had begun to preponderate on the Saxon side, is requisite to render probable the imitation of Saxon fashions in Wales. It may be doubted whether, at any period prior to the homage of the first Llewellyn to Henry III., the Welsh were likely to be fond of copying English manners. The Gododin has obviously

a moral object; that of warning soldiers against drunkenness, by the narration of an unusually-destructive engagement which succeeded to a drinking-bout. It would therefore originate in some real event; but as it would be odious to designate, by name, the chieftains whose indiscretion had been so ruinous, it probably throws back the antiquity, and shifts the scene of the event which it satirises. The poem we retain is so certainly not the original metrical chronicle, that it appeals to the Gododin as already extant. The Gododin relates not the return of more than one in a hundred (says this second-hand bard), when he returned on the ground of Mordei to the tents of Madoc.

'Nys adrawdd Gododin a lawr Mordei
Rac pebyll Madawc pan at corei
Namyn un o gant yn y delei.'

If it in fact contain and comprise much of the primitive poem attributed to the poetic vein of Aneurin, it is itself a corrupt dilatation, an aneurism of straining forgery.

Let us now proceed to the poems of Llywarq, or, as Gibbon has preferred to call him, of Llomarch. The first, in Mr. Turner's anachronic list, is the Elegy on Geraint ab Erbin. Borlase enumerates these Geraints; the one, a pirate who flourished about 530; the second, a contemporary of Teilaw, bishop of Llandaff, whom he received in Cornwall during a pestilence; the third, mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle of the year DCCX, as waging war with the Saxon chieftains Ina and Nun. In the second triplet of the poem, Geraint is called 'the Saxon's foe:' it seems natural to infer that the contemporary of Ina must be the person intended: but in the seventeenth triplet this Geraint is described as a vassal of Arthur, and the commander of his troops in Devonshire. Arthur the Great fell in the battle of Camlan, in 540, or thereabouts. The bard Llywarq was already celebrated for his old age, and for presuming upon it, at the court of Arthur: he is described in the triads as one of the three free and discontented guests: and from the court of Arthur he retired into Cumberland. Llywarq, were we even disposed to credit those marvellous tales of his longevity, so easily paralleled in every nation that has no registers, can hardly have flourished both at the beginning of the sixth and at the beginning of the eighth century. He can hardly have been old at Arthur's court, and have lived to celebrate the antagonist of Ina. But, by supposing the poem a forgery, every difficulty vanishes. After Arthur was become that famous and fabulous character which he became in the twelfth century, it was natural for every bard to connect with Arthur's the name of his hero; and, forgetful of chronology, to convert the vigorous opponent of Ina into a knight of the round-table. In the ninth triplet the followers of Geraint are praised, because they neither flinch from the spear, nor from 'the quaffing of wine out of the bright glass:'

'Ac yved gwin o wydr gloyw.'

Mr. Turner will surely not maintain that wine-glasses were already in use at the round-table. It is not very probable that they were in use even in Ina's time; but if the forger lived in the twelfth century, he would naturally attribute to his heroes these usages of his own age. They existed, however, earlier: for, according to Vopiscus, the emperor Hadrian procured from the glass-houses at Alexandria some drinking-cups of that material; but as they were not a fashion of the Roman world, even under Justinian, although occasionally employed before his æra, they had probably not penetrated into Wales.

The next is the 'Elegy on Urien of Reged.' We conceive this poem to have been ill edited: it should terminate at the end of the thirty-first triplet, with the words

'Yn Aber Lleu lladd ei brawd.'

The remainder of the poem contains a song of thanks to Rhun, which seems to consist of twelve triplets, and to terminate with the words

'Bu ail yno Elgno hen;'

and which, from the penultimate line, appears to have been written in the life-time of the Urien therein named. It also contains a second elegy on the death of Urien Reged, consisting of sixteen triplets, which are very beautiful. Unless some such subdivision of the poem be recurred to, in order to render its fragments defensible, the symptoms of forgery here too are very apparent. The first part, or opening, is written in the character of the assassin Llovan, and considers Owain as still alive, Urien being called the father of Owain. But, in the latter part, the author has totally forgotten his assumed antiquity: in the penultimate triplet he speaks of Owain and Urien as both dead. So that, if we take the poem as it is given, it is an elegy on the death of a man who is himself alive in the forty-third triplet, and whose eldest son is alive in the twentieth triplet; but he and his son are both dead in the last line but three. Such a poem does not contain internal evidence of its being contemporary with the heroes mentioned: if it must have been written after their decease—why by Llywarq? why before the year 1200?

Let us proceed to the Elegy on Cynddyllan. A suspicious circumstance occurs in the nineteenth triplet. The poet laments that the hall of Cynddyllan is gloomy this night, that it is without fire and without *candle:*

'Heb dân, heb ganwyll.'

The chandlers were first incorporated in the year 1061, under Philip the first of France. They obtained a second charter in 1093: but were not separated from the grocers' company

before 1450. It is probable that the use of candle preceded but little the institution of a guild or purse-club of chandlers; and that, before the year 1000, it was not very customary even for princes to burn candles. The author of the Gododin is far more attentive to *costume:* his heroes drink their mead by the light of torches;—but this poet, who sets up for an older man than Arthur, is already acquainted with the customs of the subsequent millennium: his triplets do not smell of the lamp, but of candle. He is also very conversant with Gothic architecture; and in his forty-eighth triplet describes the trefoils of the church of Bassa, in which his heroes are buried. The forty horses, the yellow plumes, and other traits of *costume,* agree well with the year 1277, in which such a conflict took place near Shrewsbury as is here alluded to.

The Elegy on Cadwallon consists but of eighteen triplets, fuller of geography than of picturesque circumstance: it is stated, however, that the plotting of strangers and of unjust monks was the grievance supposed to prevail during his absence. It seems to follow that the Italian or Papistic clergy already made a party in the Welsh church, distinct from the national or patriotic Catholics. This points to a period not very remote from the year 1100. It is, moreover, remarkable, that Cynddelw, in 1160, celebrates the men of Powys, whose favourite hero Cadwallon was, and to whom they ascribed their privileges. Is it not probable that this Elegy on Cadwallon was forged by Cynddelw, in the name of Llywarq, the supposed contemporary of his hero, in order to please his favourite audience, the men of Powys? Another elegy on this Cadwallon is quoted in the Mona Antiqua, p. 164.

Llywarq's poem on his Old Age, and on the Death of his Sons, is probably the genuine work of one Llywarq. It appears from the poem that he had a son, or descendent, named Urien. To this descendent probably, and not to Urien of Reged, he owed the hirlas, or drinking-horn, which he celebrates. His mother appears, from the twenty-first triplet, to have been still living when he wrote; so that his age was decrepit, premature, and obvious, rather than extreme. All the Welsh pedigrees abound with repetitions of the same names: their stock of nomenclature is inconsiderable: every new genealogy seems a fresh deal with the same cards. In the twelfth century, the name of Arthur was become very popular, and might well belong to a chieftain. The usage of watching the bounds by the river-side is repeatedly alluded to in bards of the twelfth century, very beautifully by Gwalqmai ab Meilir, for instance. The triplet therefore, in which Gwen is described as watching beside the Llawen, for the retreat of Arthur, forms but a feeble argument for making this poem contemporary with the Great Arthur. On

the whole, this poem is less liable to the suspicion of sophistication than those hitherto considered.

The Exhortation or ironical ode to Maenwyn, may be of almost any date: but it has strong marks of applying to real incidents and persons. The allusion to a sword-manufactory in the vale of Mewyrnion, may perhaps assist in ascertaining the chronology.

The Ode to a Cuckoo is of very doubtful authority, and is by some testimony actually ascribed to Mabclav ab Llywarq, who flourished in the fourteenth century. It has not a symptom of antiquity about it.

Of Merdhin we have spoken already; and therefore pass on to the poems of Taliesin. These are mystic and unintelligible in a high degree. This is never a mark of nascent culture and literature. Before obscure allusions can be understood generally enough to be worth introducing in composition, the writings alluded to must already be familiar to a numerous public. The Apocalypse and the Second Book of Esdras, which are the most celebrated models of esoteric composition, and which served, as has been very plausibly maintained, to attach the Christian party to the views of Avidius Cassius and of Pescennius Niger, did not originate in an early stage of Syrian literary refinement. They imply the previous dispersion of concerted emblems, hieroglyphic allusions, and secret writings. The poems of Taliesin are of this kind. They closely resemble, in their general tenour and topic, those prophecies of Merlin which are preserved in the third and fourth chapters of the seventh book of Jeffrey of Monmouth: it is natural to infer that they were written about the same period as Merlin's prophecies. These were profusely quoted during the war of Llewellyn against Edward the First, and were understood to have contributed much to the spirited resistance of the Welsh. Taliesin and Merlin both display the same affection for astrology: but there is less of heraldry in Taliesin—all his heroes are alluded to by name, not by their badges: Taliesin's, therefore, are the older. Dupuy has attempted to resolve the evangelical history into astronomic allegory: a commentator of Taliesin might, with greater plausibility, resolve the enterprises of the Welsh heroes into movements of the heavenly bodies. It appears from the prophecies of Merlin, that the Welsh had a desire of making Bristol their metropolis, and of including the counties of Cornwall and Devonshire in the independent western principality. Such projects, while they are conspiracies, are the natural parents of enigmatic writing. Probably both Taliesin and Merlin were the preparers and fosterers of that spirit of independence and resistance which was finally quashed by the suppression of the rash but heroic rebellion of Llewellyn.

We have surely stated grounds of hesitation sufficient to justify the expressions employed by us on a former occasion. The public has reason to rejoice in the conduct we have pursued. Mr. Turner's book is not merely valuable for the frequent displays of ingenuity with which it espouses the primæval antiquity of the Welsh remains; it also contains many valuable translations, never before made public, of important passages in those remains. We cannot help wishing that the editors of the Myvyrian Archæology had accompanied their work throughout with a verbal Latin interpretation. It is a book thoroughly worthy of European curiosity; but is, in its present form, useless even to most of the British antiquaries. Of Mr. Turner it might have been expected that he should at least have provided complete translations of the works whose antiquity he defends. His studies have only the *ex-parte* evidence of the passages he picks for translation. And yet, reader, look back! out of the picked passages of picked poems cautiously translated by zealous sticklers for their antiquity, how many symptoms have we not collected of relative modernism, without dwelling on philological questions, which would require an elaborate study of the language, or on questions of local geography and history, which would require a library of all the antiquarian commentaries on the topography of Wales!

ART. III.—*The Poetical Works of Charles Churchill, with explanatory Notes; and an authentic Account of his Life: now first published. 2 Vols. 8vo. 18s. Boards.* C. *and* R. Baldwin. 1804.

AT the beginning of the present reign, Churchill was the favourite of Wilkes, Wilkes of the whigs, and whiggism of the people. No wonder therefore that the reputation of this poet speedily became a party care; and that the early blindness of the Critical Review to his vaunted merits was ascribed to the perverse influence of Lord Bute over Dr. Smollett, who was supposed to be the hidden deliverer of our oracles. Now that forty years have rolled by, now that the tomb has heaped its mould over the pert loquacity of the author and the severity of the censor, is there much to change in the verdict? Facility of versification, a vein of peculiar humour, were the merits admitted; an affected contempt for the ancients, and a certain *autophilism*, or self-complacency, were the failings exposed. The vague imprecision of the poet's language, the inconsistency of contiguous sentiments, the fondness for abstract imageless expressions, the streaming flet-milk exuberance of thought, were not enough reprehended. Churchill, like Pope, was a studier, an admirer, and an imitator of Dryden; but Churchill took only what Pope had left; and, instead of copying Dryden in his exerted attitudes, he

copied him naked, sprawling, and listless. A certain simplicity of style, an easy unaffected English—which disdains the correction of minute blemishes, and immingles much of the idiomatic dialect of conversation—which avoids the set phrases and dancing-master steps of practised versifiers—is Churchill's highest merit, and confers on his writings the Atticism which has preserved them.

Churchill was born at Westminster in February 1731, and was educated at Westminster-school. He was sent to Cambridge in 1749, and, after passing the usual time at Trinity-college, was ordained a priest in 1756. Churchill had formed an acquaintance, while at school, with a Miss Scott of Westminster, whom he married privately at an early age, and whom he conducted, in 1751, to Sunderland, to lie-in secretly. His father's death, in 1758, rendered vacant the lectureship of Saint John the Evangelist; and Churchill was unanimously elected as his successor. The income was insufficient for wants, which neither his own prudence nor his wife's tended to confine within narrow limits; and he endeavoured to augment it by private tuition. His exertions were inadequate to meet the expense of convivial dissipation; and he was obliged to compound with his creditors for one fourth of their demands. He became very intimate with a former school-fellow, named Lloyd, who had written the Actor, and who excited in Churchill an emulous taste for publication. The Rosciad was offered for five guineas, and refused by the booksellers; but was published on Churchill's own account, and sold with rapidity. It appeared in March 1761. From that time Churchill could always supply himself with pocket-money, by offering a satire to the booksellers; and his necessities frequently induced him to do it. In proportion as his authorial character became more important to him than his clerical, he threw off even the decencies of the cloth, and wore coloured clothes. He parted from his wife; he seduced a Miss C.; he frequented the orgies of Wilkes; and was on the point of being arrested for treason. In 1763 it was suggested to him by his diocesan to resign his lectureship. In 1764 he accompanied Mr. Coles into France, to visit Wilkes, then a voluntary exile. At Boulogne, Churchill was attacked by a fever, which terminated his life in the October of that year. His body was shipped for England, and buried in Dover church-yard. A sepulchral urn was thus inscribed:—

CAROLO CHURCHILL,
AMICO JUCUNDO,
POETÆ ACRI,
CIVI OPTIME DE PATRIA MERITO,
P. JOHANNES WILKES. MDCCLXV.

Churchill left two sons, Charles and John, of whose educa-

tion Sir Richard Jebb generously took charge: they lived indiscreetly, like their father, and died early.

The poetical works of Churchill are here arranged nearly in chronologic order. It would have been well also to have reprinted his prose; such as those papers in the North Briton and elsewhere, with which he assisted the popularity of 'Wilkes and liberty.' This edition is accompanied with very curious and interesting notes, which collect, from the newspapers, magazines, and journals of the time, whatever anecdotes and paragraphs chiefly serve to elucidate the biographical, literary, and factious allusions, so common in the works of Churchill. Besides the notes, which are very curious and entertaining, even where they are superfluous, a satisfactory biography is prefixed. The editor, in short, has executed his office with unusual diligence and complete propriety.

The first poem is the Rosciad: it describes a competition of actors for the prize of excellence. Shakspeare is constituted judge; and to Garrick is awarded the chair, in these words—

> 'If manly sense, if nature link'd with art;
> If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
> If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd;
> If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
> If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie
> Within the magic circle of the eye;
> If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
> And which no face so well as his can show,
> Deserve the pref'rence;—Garrick! take the chair,
> Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there.' P. 75.

This conclusion ought to contain the pith and marrow of the poem: it ought to describe, in a style worthy of a great poet, the characteristic excellences of the great actor in question. This is surely very ill executed:—let us analyse the passage line by line. For *manly sense*, Garrick was not remarkable: he had a womanish vanity and love of flattery, on which Dr. Johnson was accustomed to play. What is *nature linked with art?* Is it meant that Garrick was the actor of genius, or the artist actor, or that he combined both?—If this last, the word *genius* should be substituted to *nature*; for nature and art, as characteristics of acting, are reciprocally inconsistent. Had Garrick *a thorough knowledge of the human heart?*—Less, probably, than lord Chesterfield: nor is it much to the purpose if he had.—For *heart*, read *surface*.—It was in the pantomime of the feelings that Garrick excelled. *If powers of acting vast and unconfin'd*——this is begging the question; it is delivering the verdict; whereas the motives of decision, the grounds of preference, should alone be stated, until the award arrives. The three lines,

'*If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie*
Within the magic circle of the eye—'

* * * * * *

'*And which no face so well as his can show—*'

though uncouth, are to the purpose; but *deserve the preference* is already implied in the *no face so well can show;* and the line—*if feelings which few hearts, like his, can know* may be construed into a most bitter epigram; for it may as well imply 'few *such hearts* as his' as 'few hearts can feel *in the degree in which his feels:*' and with the present punctuation, the former is the more legitimate sense. The last line is a most lame and impotent conclusion: it puts a case which cannot be supposed probable, without detracting from the merit of Garrick, by advising that Garrick should keep his rank, till some one as good rise up in his stead. If such be the efforts of Churchill, what must his negligences be?

The second poem is an Apology addressed to the Critical Reviewers. The introductory simile compares us to a giant, and himself to a fly. This is aggrandising us, and lessening himself: he claims to escape censure, because he is too insignificant for our notice. How injudicious! He ought rather to have compared us to a gang of banditti seising on a poor solitary defenceless pilgrim, whose road was new to him. This would have enlisted the generous feelings on his side. He then says of us, that we sit 'high in lettered reputation, and hold, Astræa-like, the scales of wit.' In the very next line he complains of our *partial rage.* How inconsistent! and then adds—

'Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me most who lavishly commends—'

as if, after all, the objects of his satire were his sincerest friends. Then comes an assertion, that, in every other trade but that of author, the same employment is a cause of kindness, and that every fool puffs off the fool he hates. The utter falsehood of the position, the ignorance of human nature which it implies, would be ridiculous, were it not that any paragraph of lines, which read flowingly, answered Churchill's real purpose: it swelled his pamphlet, it amused his reader;—of his own specific aim and purpose, as well as of the everlasting beauties of truth and moral sentiment, he was idly careless. There is not a paragraph in this Apology which is not liable to similar charges of contradiction.

The third poem is Night, and the fourth the Prophecy of Famine, which is considerably the best of Churchill's works. It has imagery and condensation, which Churchill rarely has; and it displays that periodic structure or poetic paragraph, that

progressive evolution and swell of the versified sentence, which elevates poetry into oratory, and which constitutes the highest merit peculiar to Churchill's style.

The poem entitled Independence, which is one of the most rich in annotations, we shall also endeavour to revive, by selecting it from the present edition.

'Talk not of custom—'tis the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but passes not with me;
An old stale trick, which guilt hath often tried
By numbers to o'erpow'r the better side.
Why tell me then that from the birth of Rhime,
No matter when, down to the present time,
As by th' original decree of Fate,
Bards have protection sought amongst the great;
Conscious of weakness, have applied to them
As vines to elms, and, twining round their stem,
Flourish'd on high? To gain this wish'd support,
Ev'n Virgil to Mecænas paid his court.
As to the custom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a foolish diffidence, not need,
From which it rose; had bards but truly known
That strength, which is most properly their own,
Without a lord, unpropp'd, they might have stood,
And overtopp'd those giants of the wood.

'But why, when present times my care engage,
Must I go back to the Augustan age?
Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the mansions of the ancient dead?
Can they find patrons no where but at Rome,
And must I seek Mecænas in the tomb?
Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note
Start up, and from report Mecænas quote?
Under his colours lords are proud to fight,
Forgetting that Mecænas was a knight;
They mention him, as if to use his name
Was, in some measure, to partake his fame,
Though Virgil, was he living, in the street
Might rot for them, or perish in the Fleet.
See how they redden, and the charge disclaim—
Virgil, and in the Fleet—forbid it shame!
Hence, ye vain boasters, to the Fleet repair,
And ask, with blushes ask, if Lloyd is there.

'Patrons, in days of yore, were men of sense,
Were men of taste, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters—some of them were heard
To read off-hand, and never spell a word:
Some of them, too, to such a monstrous height
Was learning risen, for themselves could write,

And kept their secretaries, as the great
Do many other foolish things, for state.

'Our patrons are of quite a diff'rent strain,
With neither sense nor taste; against the grain
They patronize for fashion's sake—no more—
And keep a bard, just as they keep a whore.
M——— (on such occasions I am loath
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled ev'n to read,
Nor could deserve their clergy by their creed;
Others can write, but such a pagan hand,
A Willes should always at our elbow stand:
Many, if begg'd, a chancellor, of right,
Would order into keeping at first sight.
Those who stand fairest to the public view
Take to themselves the praise to others due,
They rob the very 'Spital, and make free
With those, alas! who've least to spare—we see
——————— hath not had a word to say,
Since winds and waves bore Singlespeech away.

'Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the bard should make his bow
At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the present day,
They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.
Virgil lov'd rural ease, and, far from harm,
Mecænas fix'd him in a neat, snug farm,
Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days
In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.
Horace lov'd wine, and, through his friend at court,
Could buy it off the quay in ev'ry port:
Horace lov'd mirth, Mecænas lov'd it too;
They met, they laugh'd, as Goy and I may do,
Nor in those moments paid the least regard
To which was minister, and which was bard.

'Not so our patrons—grave as grave can be,
They know themselves, they keep up dignity;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit:
Wit, if familiar made, will find her strength—
'Tis best to keep her weak, and at arm's length.
'Tis well enough for bards, if patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live.
Such is their language, and their practice such;
They promise little, and they give not much.
Let the weak bard, with prostituted strain,
Praise that proud Scot whom all good men disdain;

What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the cook in rhime;
Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)
May at the second table get a place,
With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine.

'And are there bards, who, on creation's file,
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair isle
The air of freedom, with so little gall,
So low a spirit, prostrate thus to fall
Before these idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a stone?
Better, and much more noble, to abjure
The sight of men, and in some cave, secure
From all the outrages of Pride, to feast
On Nature's sallads, and be free at least.
Better (though that, to say the truth, is worse
Than almost any other modern curse)
Discard all sense, divorce the thankless Muse,
Critics commence, and write in the reviews;
Write without tremor, Griffiths cannot read;
No fool can fail, where Langhorne can succeed.'

Vol. ii. p. 345.

Some letters from Churchill to Wilkes accompany the biography, and precede the poems. If all the known prose of Churchill were yet to be appended to these letters, no deformity or sensible inequality of the volumes would ensue; and the edition would then become as complete as can reasonably be desired or expected: it would be the classical form of possessing the works of this occasionally spirited and once popular writer. What of attraction they still retain, will be greatly enhanced by the anecdotes and amusive information scattered throughout the commentary. A greater service cannot be rendered to an author's reputation, than to select from the transient and perishable literature of his time, whatever can assist in rendering his allusions intelligible and his personages important. This task has here been performed with diligence and impartiality, which, in the editor's own opinion, is 'the highest praise to which a work of this kind can aspire.'

ART. IV.—*A Supplement to a Tract, entitled A Treatise on the Construction and Properties of Arches, published in the Year* 1801; *and containing Propositions for determining the Weights of the several Sections which constitute an Arch, inferred from the Angles. Also containing a Demonstration of the Angles of the several Sections, when they are inferred from the Weights thereof. To which is added, a Description of original Experiments to verify and illustrate the Principles of this Treatise. With occasional Remarks on the Construction of an Iron Bridge of one Arch, proposed to be erected over the River Thames, at London. Part II. By the Author of the First Part.* 4*to.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Taylor. 1804.

SUCH is the copious title-page which was presented to our view on opening, not a quarto volume, but a pamphlet of sixty pages. We were a little puzzled in our attempts to ascertain its meaning; but, after comparing it with the preface, we at length discovered that the piece before us is not the *Second* Part of a Supplement, as the title seems to indicate, but the *first part* and perhaps the *whole* of a Supplement, to a tract entitled 'A Dissertation on the Construction and Properties of Arches,' published in the year 1801 by George Atwood, Esq. M. A. F. R. S. The name of this gentleman will, we doubt not, remind our scientific readers of some of his former productions on mathematical subjects, and thus excite expectations of high gratification and instruction from the perusal of this pamphlet: to prevent, therefore, the disappointment of such expectations, we are constrained to declare, that the work contains very little that is really useful, that it is inaccurate, obscure, immethodical, and in every respect inferior to what might have been looked for, considering Mr. Atwood's talents and celebrity. It is at all times unpleasant to use the language of censure, but more particularly so when speaking of an author who has in general received our commendation: all subordinate considerations, however, must yield to the calls of public duty; and we shall proceed to state the grounds of our disapprobation of this supplementary tract.

We shall endeavour to confine our strictures within moderate bounds, by directing our attention to three principal objects: first, the preface; secondly, the mode of investigation adopted by the author, admitting his principles; and, thirdly, that modification of the theory on which all his demonstrations and calculations depend. As to the language, although it has many antiquated phrases, and abounds with tautologies, yet, considering the object of the dissertation, we shall not waste any time in pointing out these less important blemishes.

Mr. Atwood begins his preface by a reference to the magnificent plan of Messrs. Telford and Douglas, for constructing an

iron bridge of one arch over the river Thames at London; and an account of the steps taken by the committee of the house of commons for the further improvement of the port of London, to obtain the requisite information on the subject of the proposed bridge. Upwards of twenty queries, drawn up and transmitted by the committee to gentlemen most celebrated for their scientific and practical knowledge, are next inserted; and these are followed by the names of seventeen gentlemen who answered them, and whose names we have placed at the foot of the page, for the information of our readers *. After this enumeration, we hoped the author would have favoured us with an abstract of the inquiries, investigations, calculations, &c. of those who returned answers to the queries; for, since the answers, though printed, are not published, and consequently are in the hands of but very few persons, the public in general, far from reaping any advantage, either directly or indirectly, from the result of their labours on this highly important subject, know scarcely any thing of what they have done — nay, are to this hour in great measure unacquainted with the names of these gentlemen themselves, who, without any regard to either fame or profit, sacrificed much valuable time to these abstruse and intricate investigations. That Mr. Atwood has seen the answers we allude to, there can be no doubt: yet he does not appear to have profited by them, or to have been struck with the beauty and simplicity of the principles on which some of the answerers founded their inquiries: on the contrary, it should seem that he thinks the labours of others on this subject of little or no value, and wishes to persuade the world that none but his own labours cast any useful light upon it. 'Thus,' says our author, 'the reader will perceive that most of the propositions in these dissertations are entirely new, and that they have been verified and confirmed by new and satisfactory experiments on models constructed in brass.' For our own parts, instead of admitting that *most* of the propositions are *entirely new*, we hesitate not to assert that they have been well known for more than a century, that they may be found even in books published in this country, and that, among French authors especially, they may be traced in succession in the writings of La Hire, Parent, Varignon, Bellidor, Couplet, &c. and in numerous volumes of the Memoirs of the French Academy. In the few propositions which have an air of novelty, the author has generally mangled and misapplied the principles, and drawn from them the most dangerously erroneous conclusions. It signifies

* Dr. Maskelyne; professor A. Robertson, Oxford; professor Playfair, Edinburgh; professor Robison, Edinburgh; Dr. Milner, Cambridge; Dr. Hutton, Woolwich; Mr. Atwood; colonel Twiss; Mr. Jessop; Mr. Rennie; Mr. Watt; Mr. Southern; Mr. Reynolds; Mr. Wilkinson; Mr. Bage; general Bentham; and Mr. Wilson.

nothing that the propositions 'have been verified and confirmed by new and satisfactory experiments;' for what do the experiments and the models prove? We have attended to Mr. Atwood's account of the construction of the models, with his 'further considerations concerning' them, &c. &c.; and, after all, we find they prove, what no mathematician in the world could doubt for a moment, viz. *that the propositions are true, admitting the hypothesis from which they are deduced.* The author himself allows, at p. 10 of the preface, that there will be a wide difference when the wedges are connected by 'iron braces and fastenings of various kinds;' and, of consequence, the experiments may be so fallacious as to be of no practical utility whatever. Notwithstanding our author's conviction of the value of his own propositions and experiments, he seems to have some fears that they will not stand a rigid test; and observes, that 'the most specious theories have been known to fail, when applied to practice:'—we are at a loss to conceive to what theories he can allude, except his own; for we are certain that the most eminent engineers in this country are frequently constructing arches upon the *true* theory of equilibration, none of which *were ever known to fail.*

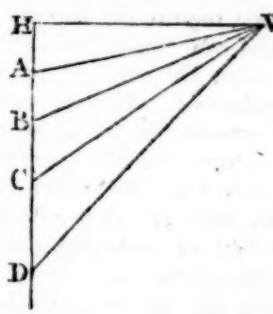
Some other passages in the preface have excited our surprise, as displaying marks of haste and inattention which we did not expect to meet with in any performance of this author. It is not a little singular that he should talk of the 'more correct principle of two equal key-stones:' we know not how such a principle should be *more correct*, since it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, contrary to fact; and as to the investigations, they lead to the same result ultimately on either supposition: in *both* cases we may say, as Mr. Atwood does of one only, 'the conclusions are *geometrically* true, requiring no correction or alteration whatever; being in themselves certain and unalterable propositions.' Another singularity is, that Mr. Atwood, when writing his preface, should imagine it was to be printed, as it was probably written, *after* the body of the work; or at least that he should have forgotten where it was to be placed: in the preface he has several times referred to 'the *preceding* pages,' when he manifestly alludes to what follows in the work itself.

We propose, in the next place, to make some observations upon our author's mode of investigation and computation. The object of his inquiry in the present tract is stated thus in the first page:—

'The sections or portions of wedges which constitute an arch, may be disposed according to two several methods of construction, which are represented by fig. 1 and 2. In fig 1. the highest section or key-stone, is bisected by the vertical plane VO, which divides the entire arch into two parts, similar and equal to each other. In fig. 2. *two* highest sections, A, A, similar and equal to each other, are placed

contiguous and in contact with the vertical line VO. The former plan of construction has been before the subject of investigation, in a tract on arches, and published in the year 1801. It remains to consider the properties which result from disposing the sections according to the last mentioned plan.'

From the mere circumstance of there being a difference in the *direction* of what Mr. Atwood calls 'the initial pressure' in the two cases, he infers the necessity of a separate and distinct investigation; which he accordingly commences and pursues in a manner exceedingly complex, tedious, and circuitous, repeatedly calling to his aid principles foreign and remote from the subject in hand; thus employing the first twelve pages in deducing a conclusion respecting the weights of the *voussoirs*, and the pressures on the abutments, which might have been deduced, in a natural and easy way, from first principles, in less than a single page. The professed object is to exhibit the relation between the weights, angles, and pressures, of the several wedges or blocks in a course of *voussoirs*, forming a balanced arch. By a reference to the annexed figure, the intelligent reader will easily perceive that what Mr. Atwood has done might have been performed in a manner far more consistent with simplicity; and that, assuming his own principles, his distinction of the cases of *one* and of *two* key-stones, or blocks, is useless and nugatory. . . . . Construct, on a leg HV parallel to the horizon, (that is, parallel to the initial pressure in the last proposed case of two key-stones) a right-angled triangle HVA, vertex downward, so that the angle V shall be equal to the angle formed by the sides of one of these two blocks; and let HA, the perpendicular of the triangle, represent the weight of that block; and let this perpendicular HA be produced downwards indefinitely. Upon the same base, HV, construct a series of right-angled triangles, HVA, HVB, HVC, HVD, &c. having the angles HVA, AVB, BVC, CVD, &c. respectively equal to the angles of the first, second, third, fourth, &c. blocks, reckoning from the crown of the arch. Now, if a series of parallelograms of forces, or of equilibration, were constructed from block to block through the whole course of *voussoirs*, their diagonals coinciding with the vertical lines passing through the centre of gravity of each block (an *essential* condition), the several sides of these parallelograms would manifestly be parallel to VH, VA, VB, VC, VD, &c. the diagonal of each would be parallel to the line HABCD, and the several diagonals would be re-



spectively proportional to the parts HA, AB, BC, CD, &c. of this line. Hence, then, it will readily be seen, by those who are acquainted with the composition and resolution of forces in the theory of statics, that when HA denotes the weight of one of the key-stones, the parts AB, BC, CD, &c. of the same line will represent the weights of the successive blocks in the course; or the weights of the first two blocks, the first three, the first four, together, &c. will be denoted by HB, HC, HD, &c. respectively; the line HV will denote the constant horizontal thrust; and the lines VA, VB, VC, VD, &c. the pressures exerted perpendicularly upon the upper side of the second, third, fourth, fifth, &c. block in the course. Hence, also, when the angles of the wedges are given, together with the weight of one of the key-stones, the weights of the others may be found, and *vice versâ*, from the simple and obvious method of determining the corresponding parts of the various triangles. In the more natural instance of *one* key-stone, *half* its weight must be represented by HA, and *half* the angle made by its sides by HVA; but all the rest will correspond exactly with the above. So that, in fact, there exists no real and essential difference between the two cases. Conceive the two key-stones in the latter united into one, and the instances become identical.

A little reflexion upon this construction would lead to methods of computation far more concise than those laid down by our author. Thus, the methods given at pp. 41, 42, which would require the looking out of 10 or 12 logarithms from the tables, will produce the same results as may be obtained at once by using this analogy, as tang. 5° : w :: tang. 75° — tang. 70° : weight of P. Nothing is wanted but a table of natural tangents to perform this work more speedily by multiplication and division, than by Mr. Atwood's formula, even with the help of logarithms. As to many of this gentleman's forms of calculation, they are awkward beyond conception; and his clumsy method of denoting the square-root of a fractional quantity would seldom have slipped from the pen of a school-boy. Indeed, we can scarcely help suspecting that, notwithstanding his long attention to theoretic subjects, he is but little versed in any thing practical; for, if he were, he would hardly have given a formal demonstration of the well-known rule for finding the area of a triangle when two sides and the included angle are known.

But to proceed—The whole of Mr. Atwood's investigation seems conducted without any direct reference to the form of the arch, or the internal curve of the *voussoirs*, which ought to be a curve of equilibration:—we recollect, that, in the first tract on the same subject, he states expressly that he makes the problem more general, by keeping clear of this condition. It should have been considered that whatever generality is thus obtain-

ed, is obtained by a sacrifice of truth; a sacrifice occasioned by a real (though by this author an unforeseen) departure from the principles assumed at the commencement of the inquiry. 'By keeping clear of this condition'—the fundamental and essential condition of the whole process—the author falls into numerous mistakes. The angles of the wedges, &c. are deduced from the hypothesis, that the whole system is in a state of equilibration, and, of course, when a curve of equilibration shall coincide with the series of *voussoirs* in the arch; yet, when he inverts the problem, and supposes the weight of the key-stone and that at the abutment given, he concludes that the arch must be *circular:* which is not *necessarily* the case; nay, in many instances, this condition cannot *possibly* obtain. It is really quite extraordinary, that when the author discovered the varying position of the centres of the abutment [which, by the way, are defined *twice* in the same page, p. 23.], and must have seen that their locus would bear a close affinity to an *evolute* curve, it did not suggest to him, as a mathematician, the obvious and more natural circumstance, that the requisite curve of the arch should often be one which has varying radii of curvature at different points: such an arch would secure an equilibrium, at the same time that it would require the joints of the wedges to be perpendicular to their respective points on the curve.

We proposed, thirdly, to consider that modification of the theory of balanced arches which Mr. Atwood has adopted. In order to this, it may be necessary to remark that there have been several methods proposed by mathematicians for constructing an arch of a given span and height, which shall balance itself in equilibrium from the weight and pressure of its constituent parts. These methods may be reduced to three. Of the first, our author speaks in the following terms:—

'It has been frequently observed, by writers on the subject of arches, that a thin and flexible chain, when it hangs freely and at rest, disposes itself into a form which coincides, when inverted, with the form of the strongest arch. But this proposition is without proof, and seems to rest on some fancied analogies arising from the properties of the catenary curve, rather than on the laws of geometry and statics, which are the bases of the deductions in the two Dissertations on Arches contained in the preceding pages; if it should be proved that an arch, built in the form of a catenary or other specific curve, acquires, in consequence of this form, a superior degree of strength and stability, such proof would supersede the application of the properties demonstrated in these dissertations.' P. 22.

We are not aware that the catenary has been '*frequently*' recommended 'by writers on the subject of arches'. After Dr. Hooke first proposed the idea, however, those who adopted it were of an opinion widely different from our author: they saw clearly that what he calls '*fancied* analogies,' were deduced na-

turally from 'the laws of geometry and statics;' and rightly judged that if *voussoirs* of equal and very small *depth*, compared with the magnitude of an arch, were placed in the form of an inverted catenary, since the pressures are all exerted in a diametrically contrary direction to that in which they acted before the arch was inverted, the equilibrium would be complete in the one case as in the other. If Mr. Atwood only conceive his *voussoirs* to be of equal magnitude throughout, and 'evanescent,' compared with the arch, as he has done at page 11, he will find that the catenarian theory exactly coincides with his own; and, though it is confined within narrower limits, cannot, consistently, be censured by him. It is obvious, notwithstanding, that though an arch might be thus balanced, it would be totally unfit for the purpose of a bridge, which requires a great deal of other masonry to be placed over the arch, to fill up the space to the road-way, which must have the effect of destroying the equilibrium at first established in the unloaded arch.

The second method, which kept its reputation for a long time (though it had been rejected nearly half a century, when revived by the present author), was deduced from the consideration of the arch-stones being frustums or parts of wedges. Accordingly, the mathematical properties of the wedge were introduced into the science, and employed to establish a theory of balanced arches. It is easy to perceive, that, unless the various stones in the arch were perfectly smooth, and free from friction, this theory, however specious, would not admit of an application to real practice. So far from the arch-stones being kept in their places only by forces perpendicular to their butting sides, and having full liberty to slide along those sides, as in the wedge theory, the sides are left rough; and, moreover, are cemented and locked together by mortar, and sometimes bars of iron, so that they are prevented from the possibility of so sliding, and sustained in their places in the arch by forces that act in directions very oblique, nay often perpendicular, to those which the wedge theory requires. Besides, in the wedge method, as well as in the catenarian, since there is much ponderating matter above the arch, the balance must necessarily be destroyed, unless it be regulated by other principles. In order to obviate this difficulty, some mechanicians have conceived that the *voussoirs* should increase gradually from the crown of the arch to the abutments, so as to fill up all the necessary space between the intrados and extrados: but an arch thus constructed is still liable to the objection stated above, arising from friction and the adhesion of the surfaces.

Instead, therefore, of the wedge theory, a third has been devised, which establishes an equilibrium among all the *vertical* pressures of the whole fabric, contained between the soffit of the arch and the road-way. The best judges and most skilful

engineers and architects * now allow this theory to be the only true one; because it establishes an equilibrium in the whole of the ponderating matter, by making an equality at every point of the curve, between all the adjacent pressures, when reduced to the tangential directions, or those perpendicular to the joints, which are everywhere supposed at right angles to the curve, as the practice requires them to be.

It will be seen, at once, that in each of these hypotheses the same object is attempted to be accomplished: the same general 'laws of geometry and statics' are assumed in each; and they may not improperly be considered as modifications of one and the same general theory, each of which would indeed be true if the hypothesis to which it is accommodated were consistent with fact; on which account the latter claims a decided preference, being found to apply *directly* to every case which can arise with respect to such structures.

From a perusal of this account of the three methods which have successively prevailed, our readers will perceive that the one which Mr. Atwood has attempted to revive was not exploded without sufficient reason. A gentleman of his sagacity could not be ignorant of the nature of the most prominent objections; and he has therefore glanced at them both. In the one arising from the friction, &c. of the blocks, he has, as before observed, conceded a point which establishes the objection. That which arises from considering the incumbent mass upon the arch, he strives to parry, by describing the whole edifice as made up of courses of *voussoirs* lying over each other.

'Since,' says he (p. 20), 'each course of *voussoirs* stands alone, independent of all the *voussoirs* above and beneath, the strength of an arch will be much augmented by the degree of support afforded to the *voussoirs* situated in the course immediately above, as well as to those underneath, which may be connected with the former.'

Hence, then, it appears that our author makes two inconsistent suppositions: he conceives that there are several courses lying successively over each other, and yet supposes that each course is of itself perfectly equilibrated. Now, if the lower course be actually balanced, if the *voussoirs* be of similar shape and correspond with Mr. Atwood's calculations, their tops will form many abrupt angles and indentations, so that another regular concentric course cannot be laid upon them. If these angles be rounded off, so as to make the tops of the *voussoirs* compose a connected curve, then the arch will not be a system of wedges, but of oblique irregular figures widely different from those which have been the subject of the author's investigations.

* The major part of those gentlemen whose names are mentioned in a former note, made this theory the basis of their investigations.

On the whole, we sincerely wish, for the sake of Mr. Atwood's credit as a man of science, that he had never suffered the present Supplement to issue from the press; for we fear that readers of every description will be dissatisfied with it. Though there are many tables and calculations, the work is far too complex and intricate for practical men; while at the same time it enters too frequently into the detail of trifling minutiæ to please the mathematician. It contains no rules for ascertaining the advantages or disadvantages of different kinds of arches; it exhibits no method of determining what the form of the intrados should be, when that of the extrados is fixed by circumstances, and *vice versâ;* it pretends not to show in what cases there will be a *minimum* aberration from the theory; nor, though the proposed *iron* bridge across the Thames was the proximate cause of the publication, does it contain a single remark tending to show why iron is preferable to wood or stone, or whether it be not inferior to either.

ART. V.—*Poesie Liriche di Leucippo Eginèo. P. A. Socio Della R. A. di Napoli, e di Cortona, ec.* 8*vo.* 10*s.* 6*d. Boards.* White. 1804.

THIS volume has a splendid exterior, and is dedicated to sir Richard Worsley: the contents appear to us of very secondary value. The first poem is an Ode to Peace: in the third stanza the author thus invokes the Trinity:—

'O sacrosanta, diva Trinitate,
Sorgente eterna, onde quà giù deriva
Giustizia, Amore, Pace, e Caritate!
Chi fia, che te descriva?
Il tuo folgore, più del sol lucente,
Abbaglia la mia mente.' P. 4.

Soon afterwards, in the sixth stanza, allusions occur to the rebellion of the angels, and Satan is dissolved into allegory, and personified by the name of Invidia. There is something unpleasant, and we think irreligious, in thus levelling the objects of Christian worship with the allegorical personifications of the poet. A little further, in the tenth stanza,

'Il Ciel propizio splende;
Ride la terra, il mare, e Citeréa,
Delle spighe la Dea,
Il dio dell' uve; e Amor l' arco riprende.
Minerva, e Apollo a Giano
Chiudon le porte; ed urla Pluto invano.' P. 8.

And thus the heathen divinities are all introduced as beings of equal reality with the three personages of the original address. This may be poetry, but it is not orthodoxy.

We greatly prefer the more humorous and somewhat pastoral turn of the second canzonet, which introduces a very amiable young woman, named Chloris, making a pudding, or rather a pancake, for her lover's dinner. The batter is formed of maize-flour, and is called *polenta* in Italian: the author mounts into the lyric swing, and really kicks in his flight the beams and rafters of sublimity. We shall attempt the version of a fragment, in the hope of stimulating our own lyric poets to turn Mrs. Glasse's Cookery into a series of odes. That there may be no suspicion of caricature on our part, we transcribe, first, the original verses.

'Or la polenta appresta.
Vediam come la fà.
L' umore bolle già;
La fiamma e' soffia, e desta.
Ecco vi pon del sale
Con mano liberale.

'Con le robuste braccia,
La pura aurea farina,
Che macinò ben fina,
Cava da la bisaccia;
E con viso giocondo,
Pare esser Re del Mondo.

'La biondeggiante polve
Pon nel bollente umore,
Ch' agita con vigore
Con un pal, che rivolve.
Già soda egli la mira,
Veloce il palo gira.

'Sovra toglier forbito
Versa la massa bionda,
In forma ben rotonda.
Piatto cupo, pulito
Sollecito prepara
Per la vivanda cara.

'Butiro, e cacio eletto,
Minuto grattuggiato,
E lungo filo a lato
Son pronti al buon effetto.
Le man' si lava pria,
Ch' ama la pulizia.

'Spedito poi le fette
Taglia col fil radente;
Nel piatto caldamente
Ad una ad una mette,
E dovuta porzione
Di burro, e cacio pone.

'Il piatto copre bene;
Al foco 'l raccomanda;
In deliziosa banda
Dell' orticel sen viene,
Ivi la mensa appresta,
Per farvi ormai la festa.' P. 24.

'Prepare the hasty-pudding:
Let 's see how it is made.
The flame is wak'd by bellows:
Already seethes the water,
And salt is freely strown.
From sacks in driest stowage
She brings, in wooden scuppet,
With rosy arms of strength,
The meal of maize well bolted:
His jocund golden face
Becomes the King of Flour.
'Awhile the frothy dust
O'er heaves the boiling wave;
Awhile in vain the ladle
Beats down his buoyant pride;
But slowly in the whirlpool
Absorb'd, he sinks and mingles;
And slower twirls the ladle,
Detain'd in pasty mire.
'Soon on a pewter trencher
The stiffening mass is pour'd.
With finely grated cheese,
With butter, gift of churns,
The glossier surface gild:
Now plunge the glittering blade,
Now slice the reeking dough,
The hissing pan awaits!
Strow on each cake once more some grated cheese;
And while the brown edge curls,
With parsley minc'd, and garlick,
Their crispier locks adorn.
Now bear them to the table—
The witches charm is done.

A third ode, on the Origin and Decay of Nations, and various elegant annotations, fill up the rest of this volume:—the author is an academician of the *Arcadi*.

ART. VI.—*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge. Vol. V.* 4*to.* 1*l.* 1*s. Boards.* Johnson. 1802.

AMERICA, in every respect a new world, offers novelties of different kinds, and holds out promises of information, various,

extensive, and uncommon. No sooner was the scion separated from the parent stock, no sooner did the United States feel the independence which they had acquired, than two philosophic societies began to fix their roots. Boston, which first, in the order of time, aimed at an independence of political government, was first also to evince the production of scientific fruits. Philadelphia followed; but though alike in politics, their literary fates were dissimilar. The lustre of the former was temporary; of the latter, permanent. Two or three volumes terminated the publications of the society of Massachusetts; that of Pennsylvania has extended further, and promises a successive offspring. In our former series we have pursued the labours of each society; but, on the whole, have not found our expectations gratified. The world was new; the field untrodden. We expected, perhaps unreasonably, new flowers at every step, new animals in every forest, new fossils in every mountain; yet we believe the earlier volumes of our own Philosophical Transactions can display as much novelty, even from this very continent, as the American publications themselves; and the names of Colden, Garden, Franklin, and Lining, may enter successfully into a competition with those of Barton, Beauvois, Rittenhouse, and Rush. The two last volumes were to us more interesting and important than the two first; and the present contains some papers of value. Yet we must remark, that, for the only novelty in the mineral kingdom, we are *not* indebted to the American Transactions.

'I. Experiments on the Transmission of Acids, and other Liquors, in the Form of Vapour, over several Substances in a hot earthen Tube. By Dr. Joseph Priestley.'

'II. Experiments relating to the Change of Place in different Kinds of Air through several interposing Substances. By the same.'

'III. Experiments relating to the Absorption of Air by Water. By the same.'

'IV. Miscellaneous Experiments relating to the Doctrine of Phlogiston. By the same.'

'V. Experiments on the Production of Air by the Freezing of Water. By the same.'

'VI. Experiments on Air exposed to Heat in metallic Tubes. By the same.'

As Dr. Priestley, when he lighted his candle, seldom placed it under a bushel, we have often before met with such experiments and such arguments. They have already been the subjects of criticism. On the whole, however, we think the editor does not greatly differ from the modern theorists, except in words; and, as a specimen of his reasoning, we shall select the conclusion of his fifth paper.

'The most natural inference from these experiments is that *water*,

when reduced by any means to the state of *vapour*, is in part converted into phlogisticated air; and that this is one of the methods provided by nature for keeping up the equilibrium of this constituent part of the atmosphere; as the influence of *light on growing vegetables* is the means of recruiting that other part of it; and both of them are subject to absorption and diminution in several natural processes. Inflammable air I have also shewn to be convertible into phlogisticated air; and this is another means of supplying the atmosphere with this ingredient in its composition.

'That water contains phlogiston I have shewn to be probable from several considerations, especially that of its resembling metals in their property of being conductors of electricity; for these substances certainly contain phlogiston, if there be any such thing. Mercury also becomes super-phlogisticated by agitation in water, and this without limit, and without changing either the water or the mercury; and the remaining water contains no more oxygen than before, for the air expelled from it is not more pure but considerably less so, and it is perfectly free from acidity.

'I would farther observe that these experiments, which prove the conversion of water into phlogisticated air, are inconsistent with the antiphlogistic theory, which makes water resolvable into dephlogisticated and inflammable air; but that they are highly favourable to the hypothesis of water being the basis of every kind of air, the difference between them depending upon the addition of some principles which we are not able to ascertain by weight. Also, if any species of air be entitled to the appellation of *hydrogen*, it is phlogiston, and not inflammable air.' P. 40.

Our readers have been for some time acquainted with the death of this bold experimentalist and indefatigable writer.

'VII. Some Account of the poisonous and injurious Honey of North America. By Benjamin Smith Barton, M. D.'

We need scarcely observe, that, as honey is collected from plants, so it must partake of their qualities. If the plants be poisonous, so will be the honey. The hunter, who, in the emergencies of his precarious mode of life, trusts to honey, has found that the reddish-brown, or crimson-coloured honey, when of more than usual consistence, is generally deleterious. This rule may, as our author remarks, be subject to exceptions, but is correct as a general proposition. All honey, when new, will disagree with bowels habitually irritable; a quality which it loses by keeping. Poisonous honey also is said to forego its ill effects by age, as well as by boiling or straining. Its effects are those of narcotic vegetables, which are relieved by their appropriate remedies. The plants chiefly injurious to this production of bees, are the kalmia latifolia, angustifolia, and hirsuta, and the Andromeda mariana. That the flesh of animals who have fed on these plants is poisonous, we think less probable, though there are some striking facts in support of such an opinion; and the circumstance of muscles becoming injurious, seemingly from their food, assists the argument. Some of the

poisonous fungi contribute, in our author's opinion, to the deleterious effects of honey; but we suspect that their juices approach too nearly an animal nature, to form any part of a substance so closely allied to the vegetable kingdom. Some other vegetables are suspected of having a similar tendency; as the rhododendron maximum, the azalea undiflora, and the datura stramonium. In the old world, the honey has also been sometimes found poisonous; and it is singular that this has happened where some of these flowers have been frequent. Different passages from ancient authors are adduced on this subject, in which, among some remarks of interest and value, the author suggests a suspicion that the *taxus* of Virgil is the box. It is still called *taxo* in Corsica; and the honey prepared from its flowers is said to be deleterious. Virgil, however, mentions also the *buxus*; but he speaks of the Corsican tree in his advice for removing it to a distance from the hives; and it is not impossible that he may here use the Corsican name for the box, as in other passages he employs the Roman—

Sic tua Cyrnæas fugiant examina taxos.

'VIII. On the Ephoron Leukon, usually called the White Fly of Passaick River. By Dr. Williamson.'

This peculiar insect, it is supposed, forms an eighth genus of the order of neuroptera. Its limits are very confined. We know nothing of the larvæ; but the perfect insect literally flutters 'its hour, and then is seen no more.' It is animated in the evening, from its chrysalis, and never sees the sun. Its great work of re-production is concluded in an hour, and it then dies.

'IX. Remarks on certain Articles found in an Indian Tumulus at Cincinnati, and now deposited in the Museum of the American Philosophical Society. By George Turner.'

These articles are described in the twenty-second number of the fourth volume of these Transactions. What that author has described as compositions, Mr. Turner asserts to be natural productions; and consequently supports the arguments we adduced against the western territory having been ever the residence of a very enlightened civilised race.

'X. A Drawing and Description of the Clupea Tyrannus and Oniscus Prægustator. By Benjamin Henry Latrobe, F. A. P. S.'

This paper contains a fact of peculiar curiosity. The bay-alewife, a species of clupea not yet accurately ascertained, in going up the York River, in Virginia, has always an insect attached to its mouth. It is nearly, if not strictly, the oniscus physodes of Linnæus, which, he remarks, inhabits the ocean. Its attachment therefore to the herring is only temporary, and when the animal is fat and in kind. When the fish returns, he is lean and disregarded, so that whether its parasite forsakes

him is not known. The curiosity, however, consists in the size of the insect, and the place of its attachment. It is singular, that many fishes, when in kind, have these parasites, particularly the salmon. Insects have them also, as the lobster, in the same circumstances. Even this insect has its lice, which resemble leeches.

'XI. A Description of a newly invented Globe Time-Piece. By the Rev. Burgiss Allison, A. M.'

'XII. A Description of the Pendant Planetarium. By the same.'

The descriptions of these ingenious pieces of mechanism we cannot abridge, or render intelligible without the plates.

'XIII. On the Use of the Thermometer in Navigation. By William Strickland.'

We have often had occasion to notice the current, which, pressing from the west into the Gulf of Mexico, passes out between the southern point of West Florida and the island of Cuba, and proceeds along the shores of the United States, till, assuming a north-eastern direction, it crosses the Atlantic, and, again verging to the south, reaches the African coast, between Cape Bajador and Cape Blanco. Its most northernly point is in about latitude 43° nearly, on the south of the Great Bank of Newfoundland. This current, as it washes the burning coasts within the tropics, retains its heat for a long time; and as a minute knowledge of the course of the Gulf-stream is of importance in crossing the Atlantic, since it may naturally assist or retard the navigator, so, by using the thermometer, it has been found of singular utility in correcting the reckoning. This paper does not contain the first information on the subject; but Mr. Strickland's observations are more minute and extensive than those of his predecessors. Our author suspects with great reason, that a branch of the Gulf-stream extends from its most northern point to the north and the east, parallel to the Great Bank of Newfoundland. But the extent and the real direction of the Gulf-stream are not very accurately known. It seems to be turned from the eastern or north-eastern direction, to the south-east, by the Azores and Canary islands. It is also highly probable that the stream divides at the point mentioned by our author; and that one branch, though considerably cooled, reaches Ireland and the Hebrides, as the productions of the Gulf of Mexico have been washed on these shores.

'XIV. Sur les Végétaux, les Polypes et les Insectes. By Dupont de Nemours.—On Vegetables, Polypes, and Insects, by Dupont de Nemours.'

This very lively and ingenious paper should have been translated*.

* If the society be so far French, as to think a translation unnecessary, the printer is so truly English, as to make it with difficulty intelligible, from the numerous press-errors.

We must partially supply the office, though it will make our account somewhat too extensive. We select a sentence or two from the beginning, as a specimen of the author's manner.

'It is easy, and perhaps natural, to conclude, that an animal who commits such ravages as man, will treat with little consideration the plants which suffer themselves to be devoured without resistance. Yet I would not offend the roses. No one is more ready than I am to believe that every tree is the asylum or the prison of some nymph.' P. 104.

Our author then follows the beaten track, in pointing out the minute shades of difference between animals and vegetables. In their re-production, the latter approach the former, while animals that are re-produced by cuttings are almost vegetables.

'Is a plant a kind of animal deprived of eyes, ears, and legs, and recompensed for these wants by a multitude of mouths, of superior and inferior arms, hands, and re-productive organs; the astonishing number of whose pleasures supplies the want of that reciprocal return, the deficiency of poignancy and energy?—An apple-tree bears 20,000 flowers; 100,000 female organs, and four times as many male; all, or the greater part, capable of enjoyment at the same time—What happiness! Is a plant, then, a family, a republic, a kind of living hive, whose inhabitants, the citizens, the members, are fed, in common, in the refectory; but where each flower, or rather each stamen and pistil, is an individual, having its peculiar animation; its imperious and pleasing wants; pleasures, happiness, and sufferings, all its own? Is it one, or the other, or both?—This is worth examining.' P. 104.

The inquiry is truly Darwinian, and the paper is written in the modern style of Frenchmen; but it displays genius, and opens some sources of inquiry which seem not to have occurred to preceding authors. M. de Nemours proceeds, in this lively manner, to explain the vegetable physiology; but we cannot agree with him in supposing that a process analogous to combustion takes place, on the union of the external air with that poured out by the plant, and the consequent formation of water. We allow that the diseases of plants are more easily managed than those of animals, and that we can cure a vegetable of a gangrene by cutting off its head—a plan not quite so safe in the human body. He concludes, from his account, that plants are not only animals, but confederations of animals. 'Is this all?' he adds: 'No, indeed; this, so far, is nothing.'

He proceeds to flowers; considers the common hermaphrodite plants as harams, and distinguishes the timid from the bold females, the coquettes from the prudes, &c. In the dioicous plants, the males are melancholy cloistered monks; the females, tender and resigned, waiting the moment when the Zephyr will be propitious to their wishes. He then compares plants and insects. The period of the growth of the former is that of the

larva and chrysalis; the efflorescence, that of the butterfly. Those plants whose bark is tender and medulla abundant are worms, which may be propagated, like such animals, by cuttings; and the same changes of situation and circumstances are borne by each without injury. Flowers, different from plants, absorb oxygen, and throw out azote.

'This oxygen, of which flowers are so greedy, and which they absorb so rapidly and copiously in proportion to their bulk, may be emphatically styled *vital* air. It sets them on fire: they love, they enjoy. Does it constitute the loves of the plant, or its own? Perhaps both. The mother cannot be insensible to the happiness of her children, of children which make a part of herself. The plant is become a butterfly, or rather is covered by a crowd of butterfly plants of both sexes, drawn from itself. These, like other butterflies, have a very short life, which they carelessly spend in pleasure, without wishing to extend it. Their tenderness is exhaled in perfume; they are incessantly occupied with pleasure, and in the work of re-production; and sink when it is completed, leaving, at the bottom of the ovary, eggs fruitful and fecundated.

'Do you find the resemblance sufficiently exact? Do you still consider the distance between the nymph or the nymphs of a mimosa and the soul of a mite, incommensurable? I determine nothing—I am only a curious child—I bring you the flowers I have collected, and the butterflies I have caught. Learned professors, tell me what they are!' p. 115.

This may be pronounced fanciful; but we think we see the germs of science and of new discoveries. The idea that a plant is a congeries of animated parts, must not be hastily thrown away. It is, indeed, Haller's and Bonnet's; but not clearly brought forward by them.

'XV. Memoir on the Analysis of Black Vomit. By Dr. Isaac Cathrall.'

This is a singular subject of inquiry, and the result is truly unexpected. The matter discharged, previous to the black vomit, was first of the colour of whey; then yellowish, from the mucus it contained; afterwards dark, as if mixed with ashes. On analysis it was found to contain *an acid in a free state!* no coagulable matter or carbonic acid either separate or combined. The acid is not the sulphuric, but seems to resemble the muriatic. The fluid contains no ammonia, earth, lime, or calcareous salts; no metallic matter, but a considerable proportion of water.

The black vomit consists of dark flakes, diffused in a yellow-coloured fluid. This fluid, too, contains an acid, which is neither carbonic, phosphoric, nor sulphuric; with a large proportion of water and common salt; but without lime, ammonia, or any metallic substance. The black flakes, however, contain iron, and an unctuous matter, analogous probably to spermaceti, without any mixture of lime. When its sensible qualities were

examined, it was not found to possess the slightest acrimony; nor was it, even in large quantities, injurious to any animal to whom it was given. Dr. Cathrall has next examined the opinions of authors respecting this substance. It has been considered as consisting of putrid bile, of putrid blood, or of both mixed, of the bilious coat of the stomach, separated by mortification; or bile changed to a black colour by its union with the (supposed) septic acid. He shows very clearly and incontrovertibly that it is produced by neither cause. The flaky matter itself is traced to the gall-bladder, and is evidently a depraved secretion. The mucus is probably from the stomach, and in a similar state. We may add, in confirmation of our author's opinion, that, in that debilitated state of the stomach, when it is said to be worn out, the matter ejected is often of a similar kind; and, previous to it, the bile discharged is apparently oily. Yet we ought to add, from Dr. Cathrall's paper, that, when putrid blood is combined with either of the mineral acids, and diluted with an infusion of green tea, it resembles very nearly in appearance and smell the discharge which is the subject of this article. We remember that, when *calidi juventâ consule Planco*, we meditated an inquiry into this subject, and designed it for a thesis, with this title, *De Bile, quatenus Febrium Causa*, with a view to show that its altered appearance was the effect rather than the cause of fevers, a subject which we wish to see pursued.

'XVI. Observations on the Soda, Magnesia, and Lime, contained in the Water of the Ocean; shewing that they operate advantageously there by neutralising Acids, and among others the Septic Acid, and that Sea-Water may be rendered fit for washing Clothes without the Aid of Soap. By Samuel L. Mitchill, of New-York.'

We find little novelty in this paper; the only pretensions to it consist in the information that barilla, added to sea-water, will fit it for washing seamen's shirts. The septic acid is brought forward without any apparent reason, and to no real purpose.

'XVII. Description of a Stopper for the Openings by which the Sewers of Cities receive the Water of their Drains. By Mr. John Fraser, of Chelsea, London.'

The plan appears judicious and convenient, but cannot be easily rendered intelligible.

'XVIII. A Memoir on Animal Cotton, or the Insect Fly-Carrier. By M. Baudry des Lozieres, Member of several Academies, and Founder of the Society of Sciences and Arts at Cape Français.'

The fly is the little animal so injurious to the cassada plants, from which it is denominated. In the latter period, however, of its larva state, its skin is pierced by innumerable ichneumons.

'A fortnight after the ichneumon flies have thus cruelly deposited their eggs by perforating the unfortunate cassada-worm, that is to say, some time in the month of August, those eggs may be seen, by the help of a microscope, hatching on the body of that animal.

'Those eggs are all hatched at the same moment, and it is impossible to catch the moral point of time which may intervene between the birth of one and that of another. At one glance, the cassada-worm is seen covered with all the little worms that have just been hatched. They issue out of him at every pore, and that *animated robe* covers him so entirely, that nothing can be perceived but the top of his head. He then turns to a dirty white: the little worms appear black to the eye, but their true colour is a deep brown.

'This operation lasts hardly more than an hour, and is followed by another which is not much longer but which is much more curious.

'As soon as the worms are hatched, and without quitting the spot where the egg is which they have broken through, they yield a liquid gum, which, by coming into contact with the air, becomes solid and slimy.

'At the same time, and by a simultaneous motion, they raise themselves on their lower extremity, shake their heads and one half of their bodies, and swing themselves in every direction. Now is going to begin an operation which will afford the greatest delight to the admirer of nature.

'Each of those *animalcula* works himself a small and almost imperceptible cocoon in the shape of an egg, in which he wraps himself up. Thus, they make, as it were, their winding-sheet. They seem to be born but to die.

'Those millions and millions of cocoons, all close to each other, and the formation of which has not taken two hours, form a white robe in which the cassada-worm appears elegantly clothed. While they are thus decking him, he remains in a state of almost lethargic torpidity.

'As soon as this covering is woven, and the little workmen who have made it have retired and hid themselves in their cells, the worm endeavours to rid himself of those barbarous guests, and of the robe which contains them; but he does not succeed in this attempt without the greatest efforts.

'He comes out of this kind of enclosure, entirely flaccid and dull: instead of his former fat and shining appearance, his skin now appears flabby, wrinkled and dirty, and gives him the appearance of decrepitude. He is now an exhausted, suffering being, threatened with approaching death.

'He will still gnaw a few leaves, but he no longer eats with that voracious appetite which indicated an active and vigorous constitution. Shortly afterwards he passes to the state of a chrysalis; and after giving life to thousands of eggs, he suddenly loses his own, leaving to the cultivator, who has not yet bethought himself of calculating the advantage that he may draw from him, an advantage which may be so improved as to much more than compensate the ravages which he occasions.' P. 153.

This cotton may be spun without any preparation. But the author speaks on this subject with the warm enthusiasm of his nation. Nothing is difficult to a Frenchman, but the execution of his projects.

'XIX. Note concerning a Vegetable found under Ground. In a Letter from Colonel Bull.'

The flower is a lilac, which seems to have been preserved, with little alteration of its shape or colours, in solid clay. Dr. Barton, in his introductory letter, adopts the strange idea of its having vegetated in that spot; and hurries, with injudicious rapidity, to a question, Whether the vegetables, whose impressions we meet with on free-stone, &c. may not have passed through all their stages of existence in the bowels of the earth? Humboldt would have told him, that plants will grow without light, and even have some shade of green; but no one could have informed him that plants will grow without air.

'XX. Astronomical and Thermometrical Observations made at the Confluence of the Mississipi and Ohio Rivers. By Andrew Ellicott.'

'XXI. Astronomical and Thermometrical Observations made on the Boundary between the United States and His Catholic Majesty. By the same.'

These observations are truly valuable, though the determination of the limits between the possessions of his catholic majesty and those of the United States is of no consequence by the cession of Louisiana, a cession not more important from its vast extent, than from the command it gives to the western territory of the navigation of the Mississipi. The observations, however, we cannot abridge. Those on the thermometer are only singular, as showing the extreme cold at the confluence of the Mississipi and Ohio, lat. 27° 0′ 25″ north, long. 88° 50′ 42″ west of Greenwich, on the 24th of January, 1796—*viz.* 17 below 0. This differs 2° in longitude, and 14″ in latitude, from the position in Mr. Hutchins's map. The latitude of Natchez was found to be 31° 33′ 48″ north, longitude 91° 29′ 16″. Of New Orleans, the north latitude is 29° 57′ 28″, the longitude, west of Philadelphia, 15° 5′ 15″; 90°, very nearly, west of Greenwich.

'XXII. Observations on the Figure of the Earth. By Joseph Clay, M. A. P. S.'

This is an attempt to correct the old fancy of the prolate sphæroïdal figure of the earth, as brought forward by the visionary St. Pierre. The author might have been better employed, and the pages more profitably filled.

'XXIII. Description of some Improvements in the common Fire-Place, accompanied with Models, offered to the Consideration of the American Philosophical Society. By C. W. Peale, and his Son Raphaelle.'

This plan is very ingenious; but, we suspect, is liable to the inconvenience experienced from the Rumford stoves—*viz.* filling the room with dust:—we can give no idea of the contrivance without the plate.

'Appendix.—The following papers, being transmitted by candidates for the premium which was offered by the society "for the best method of preventing the premature decay of peach trees," were considered as very deserving of public attention. It was therefore determined that the premium of *sixty dollars* should be divided between their respective authors, and that the papers should be inserted in the Transactions.'

'N° I. An Account of a Method of preventing the premature Decay of Peach Trees. By John Ellis, of New-Jersey.

'N° II. Description of a Method of cultivating Peach Trees, with a View to prevent their premature Decay; confirmed by the Experience of Forty-five Years, in Delaware State and the Western Parts of Pennsylvania. By Thomas Coulter, Esq. of Bedford County, Pennsylvania.'

These papers are incapable of abridgement, and of local importance only.

ART. VII.—*A Tour performed in the Years* 1795-6, *through the Taurida, or Crimea, the ancient Kingdom of Bosphorus, the once-powerful Republic of Tauric Cherson, and all the other Countries on the north Shore of the Euxine, ceded to Russia by the Peace of Kainardgi and Jassy; by Mrs. Maria Guthrie, formerly Acting Directress of the Imperial Convent for the Education of the female Nobility of Russia; described in a Series of Letters to her Husband, the Editor, Matthew Guthrie, M. D. &c. The whole illustrated by a Map of the Tour along the Euxine Coast, from the Dniester to the Cuban; with Engravings of a great Number of ancient Coins, Medals, Monuments, Inscriptions, and other curious Objects.* 4*to.* 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d. Boards.* Cadell *and* Davies.

THIS peculiar and interesting country we have visited under the conduct of different travellers, from the volatile and superficial lady Craven, to the more judicious and scientific Pallas; so that scarcely a mountain rears its head unsung. The present letters present a somewhat heterogeneous mixture of the lively and severe; for we pass from the light pleasing remarks and descriptions of Mrs. Guthrie, to the more solid antiquarian researches of her husband, assisted by the archbishop Eugenius, who, we are told more than once, wrote 'the pretty Greek verses' on Dr. Guthrie's Russian Antiquities. On the whole, however, this tour is written in a pleasing, interesting manner, and contains an entertaining, we believe a very faithful, account

of the ancient kingdom of the Bosporus. Our fair traveller sought, in these southern regions, a remedy for impaired health; without success. Disease, however, did not check her spirit or fancy. She sometimes trifles agreeably, and her more serious remarks are often solid and judicious.

One great object of the editor's attention is to establish the existence of former Greek colonies on the northern shore of the Euxine. This he has at least rendered highly probable; nor is it very unlikely, as he also contends, that Ovid may have been permitted an occasional residence in a milder or securer situation than that of Tomi. Yet, if Ovidipol, near the mouth of the Dniester, were really, at the latter part of his banishment, his retreat, it was scarcely in a milder climate, though at a distance from the Getic incursions. We can scarcely believe that the small bust discovered there was that of Julia, or that the tomb was the sepulchre of the poet. It was evidently the station of a Greek colony; and here the Russians probably learned the songs, dances, and diversions, in which they so much resemble that ingenious and lively nation.

Mrs. Guthrie dates her first letter from Nicolaef, on the banks of the Bog, which is now a naval arsenal, on account of the facility of access and the depth of water. Timber, however, is not to be found in the neighbourhood; naval stores must be procured from a distance, and good water brought by oxen from springs not nearer than a mile from the city. Add to these inconveniences, that the stone of which the city is built, has been supposed to absorb moisture rapidly and to impart it gradually. The country around, as we have on former occasions observed, has been deserted by the ocean, and consequently calcareous secondary strata only are met with. The ground forsaken by the sea consists of sandy deserts, covered however with some herbage; or is hard, like baked mud, and only admits of the growth of trees when this crust is penetrated, and an opening made for the roots to reach the softer strata. This continues, till the mountains, which diversify the Taurida, rise about the middle of the peninsula east and west, opposing, as usual, a broad resisting basis on the south, to impede the further incursions of the ocean.

Mrs. Guthrie steps back to notice the importance of the acquisitions of Russia, by the command of the Black Sea, and particularly the fortress of Ocksakof, which commands the Bog and the Dniester. As a frontier to Russia, from the incursions of the Turks, these acquisitions are indeed valuable; but should Cherson lead, according to the inspirations of Catharine, to Constantinople, these would be of little importance. This tract certainly supports a race of warlike shepherds, always ready for active exertions; yet of warriors Russia feels no want. It may give a firm foundation for future attempts; and Catharine may

have exclaimed—Δος που στω; but, when the object is attained, will be of comparatively little value.

We need not enlarge on the medley of ancient history and modern description which fills the tour, and shall resume our analysis, where the author, passing from Perecop southward, meets the Euxine on its western coast at Eupatoria, and proceeds at no great distance from the same coast to Sympheropol, the new Tauric capital, and to Batcheserai. The description of the country from the capital to Batcheserai is interesting.

'To the right and left your view is bounded by mountains, that seem to bend down in some places to give you a passing glimpse of the rich scenes behind them, which curiously contrast with their own bare white tops, that have some resemblance to "the white cliffs of Albion," and of course would have been honoured by you with more than common attention had you been of our party.

'The Tauric mountains run across the peninsula, as said before, from east to west, in three distinct ridges, of which the outermost, towards the great northern plain, is calcareous, and but little fitted for vegetation; the middle ridge, on the contrary, is covered with wood and plants, and offers a most pleasing view to a traveller; while the third ridge, which lines the shore, is composed of high perpendicular rocks, whose bold weather-beaten fronts bid defiance to all the rage of the sea.

'About half way between the city we had left, and that to which we were going, on the green banks of the limpid Alma, which gently rolls its silver stream through this enchanting valley, we met with one of the most delightful landscapes that can exist in nature. To the right and left of this purling rill, you perceive beautiful tufts of the black and Lombardy poplars, alternately with clumps of the linden *(tilia Europea)*, on a rich green carpet, covered with grazing flocks, and the scattered rustic cottages of the Tauric shepherds.

'After passing this little earthly paradise, the valley still continues to delight us all the way with infinite variety produced by a winding rill, meandering through fertile lawns, enriched with accidental clusters of lovely trees; while the mountains now begin to be less wild and barren, as you approach Batcheserai, which suddenly opens to your view, when you least expect it, on getting to the top of a rising ground that commands it; a circumstance that produces the more singular and pleasing effect, as you are taken by surprise, in finding a curious city hid in a valley, while you naturally expect that your approach to the capital and sovereign residence of a country is to be announced to you, as usual, by a made road, mile-stones, suburbs, &c. &c.' P. 69.

The singular mixture of errors and false reasoning respecting the genius and spirit of the woolly-headed negroes, we shall not notice. It is from the school of Volney, and should have been omitted.—The situation of Batcheserai is singularly romantic.

'Only figure to yourself, my good friend, in a deep valley bounded

by a huge chain of pendant rocks, an assemblage of Tartar houses of uncouth forms, stuck as it were against the sides of the mountains, and placed in circles one above another, round the palace of their chan (situated at the bottom of the valley), so as to represent a large amphitheatre, or rather funnel, with streets between the rows of houses; a form of a city as novel as it is curious and romantic; which you will suppose when I tell you that the whole is surmounted by a tremendous fringe of enormous rocks cut out, by mountain torrents, into strange grotesque figures hanging over the houses, and threatening, to appearance, instant destruction to the peaceable inhabitants below.

'Here you may fancy that you see a high antique tower, the work of former ages, frowning over the city, threatening to destroy in its fall what it seems to have been once destined to defend; there you may imagine an immense obelisk, raised to commemorate some ancient Scythian victory, possibly the retreat of Darius, or Philip, before their Nomade ancestors. In short, a warm and lively imagination might fancy a hundred such forms and objects in this rude and gigantic assemblage of figures, cut out by the great sculptors of the universe, air and water.

'The palace, which, as said before, rises in the middle of this curious Tauric city, to add greatly to the singularity and romantic appearance of the scene, is a curious species of painted Chinese structure, well suited to such a group of oddities.' P. 73.

The internal parts are described with a warmth of imagination which distinguishes the tales of eastern origin, and are probably faithful copies. The account of the black Jews—*viz.* of Jews distinguished by the black dress—is curious; but, as this race has penetrated the inmost recesses of the old world, their appearance in the Taurida leads to important consequences.

Sebastapol next succeeds; and this port, which consists of numerous basins, in which perhaps the navies of Europe may ride in safety, whatever tempests agitate the sea and sky, we shall introduce in Mrs. Guthrie's own words; and, as a complete specimen of her manner, copy the whole of the twenty-sixth letter.

'Sebastapol, the Sinus Portuosus of Pomponius Mela.

'We returned to Batcheserai after our excursion to the mountains mentioned in my last, and set out from thence to Sebastapol, distant 30 versts, through a most pleasing mountainous country.

'After leaving the charming valley of Batcheserai, we saw in the fields some pretty mausoleums, constructed in a better style than we could have expected; particularly one of a square form adorned with very tolerable sculpture, and said to contain the relics of a Tartar saint; yet I suspect it to be as old as the Goths, or Genoese, and never to have been honoured with the carcase of one of the godly wheelers that we saw at Eupatoria, sainted for turning his brain.

'Continuing our journey, we joined a most agreeable companion, and such a one as I shall always be happy to follow in its benevolent course; I mean the crystal river Belbec, which, like the Alma, our

last lovely fellow-traveller, waters a delicious valley; and if we did not find its banks adorned with our favourite poplar, like those of that heavenly stream, we saw at least two other species of the same tree to make amends, grouped with the spreading beech and weeping willow, in high vigour and verdure; drawing up its tears from the limpid rill, by roots most happily placed in contact with such a friend; as in other situations plants droop their parched heads in this climate, and want sufficient moisture either to smile or weep. We likewise saw some vines and orchards loaded with delicious fruit, as we can attest from the best authority; in short, we found on the *Belbec* much the same beauties as on the *Alma*, nor did we feel them less.

'But as we approached the Euxine Portsmouth, Sebastapol, the scene changed in a wonderful manner, so as distinctly to show us where the influence of Neptune sets bounds to the reign of Flora. On approaching the sea, the charming verdure that we had been so long admiring vanished like a dream, and sand supplied its place; while our way now began to lead over the bare black rocks with which Providence has kindly girt the shore, to set bounds to the impetuous ocean, which we soon heard raging and roaring with unavailing fury, at the great mandate of heaven, "*Hither, and no farther, shalt thou advance:*" and, to comply with another great law of nature, that *Ladies shall sleep*—thus far, and no farther, will I write this evening; as jolting over rocks is a decided enemy to long letters, more especially when a good supper is awaiting us in the sea-port, at which we are now arrived. So adieu till to-morrow.' P. 89.

The approach to Sebastapol shows that the sea is retiring; and vast iron rings in the rocks far above the present sea, to which ships were perhaps formerly moored, show this important truth still more decisively. It depends on the nature of the coast, whether, in another century, Sebastapol may be no longer a port, or still retain this advantage at a distance from the present town. The navy, designed for the station of the Euxine, is to consist of fifteen sail of the line, and twenty frigates; at present the force does not exceed nine sail of the line, and eleven frigates. Nitre, that indispensable ingredient in warlike compositions, abounds here and in other parts of the peninsula.

The ancient Greek city of Cherson is near Sebastapol, but it is now deserted, probably from the decreasing depth of the water; for fancy, which regulates the situation of capitals, and the resort of the idle and luxurious, loses its influence in such circumstances. The history of the old city is subjoined; and the monastery of St. George, situated on the eastern promontory of the little peninsula at this corner of the Taurida, is next described. The ancient Parthenium, the temple of the Tauric Diana, supposed to be on the spot where the monastery now stands, was found by Pallas to be situated on a cape a little to the west. In the ancient temple, the shipwrecked Greeks (probably other human victims) were sacrificed.

The port of Balaklava, to the south and east of the little peninsula just mentioned—the Portus Symbolon of Strabo—is al-

most depopulated from the effects of the neighbouring marsh, though a secure basin, almost defying every hostile attempt, and scarcely discoverable. Nearly on the south of the peninsula is the valley of Baydar, the Tauric Arcadia, watered by two delightful rivulets.—But let us attend to Mrs. Guthrie's own animated description.

'Can you transport yourself, with me, into a heavenly valley, of an oval form, about 20 miles long, and surrounded by high mountains, covered with beautiful woods; where many kinds of wild fruit, mixed with odoriferous flowering shrubs, adorn the green ramparts which cut off all communication with the vicious world?

'The innocent inhabitants of this Tauric Arcadia are not mere shepherds and shepherdesses of the poets' creation; but really such in the true pastoral sense of the word; many of the latter never were beyond their native mountains, and probably will pass the remainder of their harmless lives without ever quitting this quiet and tranquil retreat.

'A number of Tartar villages are situated most romantically in this fine valley. Here, you see their rustic cottages stuck as it were against the sides of the mountains, and peeping out of hanging orchards; there, out of irregular clumps of fine trees planted by nature on the banks of the two limpid streams that water as they wind through the Tauric Tempé. In short, I will tell you in one sentence, that you must visit the valley of Baydar, to feel all the effect that these objects are calculated to produce, when animated by the view of flocks, shepherds, and husbandmen, all around you; the latter cultivating their fairy abode, which well repays their labour with abundant crops, fully adequate to the few wants of these truly pastoral Tartars.' P. 117.

Mrs. Guthrie pursues her tour on the south-eastern coast of the Taurida; but we find nothing peculiarly interesting in this part of the work. In the neighbourhood of Yalta, the Doialita of the Nubian geographer, is a fine Alpine plain, which, at different heights, affords different climates for the sheep, whose wool thus rivals or excels the Spanish. On the whole of this coast the sea seems to have retired, and the former busy ports are now become useless. It is singular that the pheasant, which frequents the shores of the Euxine, never extends its flight to the Tauride. This part of the tour concludes with the description of the vale of Otuz, the last of the climata; and an account of the vegetable riches of these delightful valleys, and of the additional plants which Dr. Pallas thinks would succeed in these soils, and under such a genial sun.

Theodosia, the ancient Caffa, is properly a town of the former kingdom of Bosporus, and held a high rank in the scale, since it was at one time the seat of government, afterwards removed to Kerch. The shores of the Taurida and Bosporus are continuous: but the Euxine advances northward, leaving only a neck of land interposed between it and the swelling border of the Palus Mæotis, or the Sea of Azof. This little peninsula is

terminated, on the eastern side, by the Cimmerian Bosporus, or the Straits, on the east of which is the isle of Taman, formed by irregularly disposed lakes, and scarcely in any part contiguous; surrounded on the east by the Cuban, whose spreading arms, falling into the Palus Mæotis and the Euxine, separate it from the continent.—The description of Theodosia is somewhat too prolix, though enlivened by an account of the market of female slaves from Circassia.

The Tartar city of Kerch is evidently the Panticapeum of Strabo; and, as Mrs. Guthrie thinks, the Bosporus, the ancient Bosporic capital. Her reasons for this opinion appear to us perfectly satisfactory. This city was probably once an emporium of no little fame, as, with Theodosia, it shared the eastern commerce of the Taurida, whose productions were peculiarly valuable, and whose exports, particularly of corn, were formerly, as at present, indispensably necessary to its neighbours.

The isle of Taman, which we have last described, is the Phanagoria of the Greeks. Like the neighbouring country, it seems to have been left by the Euxine, whose fertile mud renders it, like the Tauride, highly productive. Taman is singular in the eye of the philosopher, for its volcanic explosion of mud—a phænomenon which we have formerly noticed in our account of the abbé Ordinaire's work, and which may be easily explained from its having but very lately emerged from the sea. The numerous springs of naphtha and petroleum render this island also an object of importance. Mrs. Guthrie returns to Kerch, and crosses the Tauride, somewhat diagonally, to Sympheropol. In this part of the tour, the baths of Kerasubazar, the light Tartar palace erected by prince Potemkin for the entertainment of Catherine, and the account, though imperfect, of the preparation of Morocco leather, are the most important subjects; but to analyse or copy the descriptions would detain us too long. A statement of the vegetable riches of this part of the country is subjoined; with a short view of its mineral productions. We have said that the strata are secondary and alluvial. The shells, however, of a great part of the Tauride are diluvian, or those of distant regions—near the shore, they are those of the Euxine.

Mrs. Guthrie distinguishes three races in the peninsula, the Huns, Goths, and Crim Tartars. Of the latter she describes the dress, the houses, customs and manners, the religion, and the administration of justice. Returning through the Tauric desert, she adds some account of the few objects which attracted her attention in this desolate region, and particularly describes the methods of making the koumis, and of procuring an ardent spirit from mare's milk. She returns along the shore of the Dead Sea, till she directs her course northward to reach Nicolaef, where she is detained for some months, as the frost had not rendered the roads passable.

In this interval, Mrs. Guthrie compiled a slight history of the ancient colonists of the shores of the Euxine, and of its commerce. The texture is, however, truly flimsy, and not a little contaminated by error. She perceived the ancient Egyptian colonisation of Phasis, even at that time, probably, the mart of Indian commerce, through the passes of Caucasus; but she interprets the fable of the golden fleece in the usual manner, by the wool having been employed to intercept the grains of gold brought down by the rivers.

It may be asked, however, if there were but one such fleece? if, in such a country, a single fleece required so much care; and if it were worth while to encounter such extreme peril merely to hang it up in the temple of Neptune? She falls into the old errors of the Seres being the Chinese; of the *Coæ vestes* being at least partly silk; and is not aware that steel is a natural oriental production, which has been brought to us under the appellation of wootz. The account of the commerce of the Euxine in the middle ages is the best part of this disquisition. The early history lies scattered in ancient authors, and has never been fully elucidated. The last letter contains some satisfactory reasons for supposing the Bog to be the Axiacus of the ancients, instead of the Hypanis. It is so laid down in the map, which appears to be equally elegant and accurate. It contains, independent of the author's tour on a large scale, the rest of the Euxine on a more contracted one.

The letters of the Supplement relate chiefly to the Tauric antiquities of the early and middle ages, which do not admit of abridgement within a moderate compass. The ninety-ninth letter is on the situation of the Hyperboreans, which Dr. Guthrie, from the route of the primitiæ sent annually to Delos, considers as situated near the river Desna, a branch of the Borysthenes to the south of Moscow. He inclines to think them Grecian colonists, as he has traced, under the guidance of Herodotus, colonists of that nation to the north of Scythia. We rather conceive them a Gothic tribe, from the common parent of these and the Greeks; for we think it demonstrable that the Greeks had their early mythology from Asia, and not from Egypt. The Greeks and the Russians approached, however, much nearer than has been supposed; and in the northern regions were probably intermixed.

The Appendix contains some curious antiquarian and classical researches respecting the history of the kingdom of Bosporus, illustrated by medals; some remarkable rude Scythian statues, &c. The obscurity and little general interest of the subject alone prevent us from enlarging on them. Numerous numismatic plates, and representations of antiques, illustrate this curious and entertaining volume.

ART. VIII.—*Fables: consisting of select Parts from Dante, Berni, Chaucer, and Ariosto. Imitated in English heroic Verse by Richard Wharton, Esq. M. P.* 8*vo.* 5*s.* 6*d. Boards.* Payne *and* Mackinlay. 1804.

'Surge d'un fresco e prezioso lauro
Certe piante gentil, certi rampolli,
Che mi par già sentir dall' Indo al Mauro
Tante cetre, Mercuri, e tanti Apolli,
Chè certo e sarà presto il mondo d' auro,
Ch' era già presso agli ultimi suoi crolli,
Tornano i tempi felici, che furno
Quando regnò quel buon Signor Saturno.'

WEALTH is now so widely diffused, and so vulgar a possession, that the distinction which it used to confer has ceased to be an object of ambition. The luxuries of a refined sensuality must for ever be gratifying to our nature; and, for the sake of these, opulence will continue to be valued by the wisest. But the *rank* of riches has declined in estimation; and some display of an education not unsuccessful is now expected from those sons of fortune who aspire to consequence in the community, or to favour among the circles of the polished. To this refinement of the public taste, is, no doubt, to be ascribed the numerous attempts, which have lately been made by our young nobility and gentry, to dispute, in print, the palms of talent, and to contend for the wreaths of reputation. We doubt if Florence or Rome, under the best of the Medici, could have produced so large a catalogue of gentleman authors, as at present employ and illustrate the presses of London; or if literature had ever to boast so numerous a band of respectable publishers. The result of this general culture of mind, and elegance of taste, has been to superinduce a higher complacency in the efforts of genius, and a warmer solicitude for its eventual recompense. We should not wonder if this spreading delight in merit, this national anxiety to patronise excellence, were to operate as in Rome, and to break down the less useful class of ecclesiastic preferments into appanages of wit and salaries of art. Raphael was made a cardinal, for his painting; Metastasio was ordained, that the state might reward him for his operas; why should not our prebendal stalls be conferred on the artists who will decorate our cathedrals, or mitres be distributed among historians for instructing the senate?

Among the blossoms of Italian culture which have lately been transplanted to this climate, the fables before us, derived from this quarter, hold a distinguished rank. They consist of select episodes from the principal Italian poets, translated into English decasyllabic verse with an embellishing freedom, with added force, with rival harmony, and with polished elegance.

The first fable is the 'Entrance of Hell,' from the third canto of the Inferno of Dante; and the second, the 'Story of Ugolino,' from the twenty-second and twenty-third cantos of the same poem.

The third fable is the 'Castle of Altaripa,' from the Orlando inamorato of Berni—it is too full of disgusting circumstances; and the fourth, the 'Garden of Medusa,' from the same poem, which we shall in part transcribe; premising, that Prasildo was the unsuccessful lover of Tisbina, who had given her hand to Iroldo, and still continued faithful to him notwithstanding the attempts of the former to subdue her virtue.

'But when Prasildo saw her fix'd disdain,
And found his tears, his costly offers vain:
As the gay flower that on the enamel'd mead,
Cropt by the plowshare droops its withering head;
As ice, that fades beneath the solar ray,
He sicken'd at her scorn and pin'd away:
In dumb despair he drew his languid breath,
And hop'd no refuge but the house of death;
So chang'd in every feature, voice and hue,
That scarce his friends their lov'd companion knew.
Oft from the meddling eye of censure free
And cheerful hum of throng'd society,
His couch he left, what time the morn distils
The glistering dewdrops from her golden wheels,
And pensive wander'd through the lonely grove
To vent unseen the sorrows of his love.

'Thus while he languish'd, at the blush of day
Iroldo and Tisbina chanc'd to stray
To the deep shades of that sequester'd dell
Where the sad knight his woe was wont to tell.
When sudden from the dingle broken cries
And sobs arose, and plaints and hollow sighs;
For at that very time the knight was laid
On the cold bosom of the darkling glade,
And wept, and in such moving sounds exprest
The frozen virtues of Tisbina's breast,
That Zephyr as he pass'd the voice might hear,
And stay'd his purple wings, and drop'd a tear.
"Oh! listen to my griefs, Prasildo cried,
Since she, the cruel dame, that boon denied;
Thou, sun! who through a dark and devious way
Hast lifted up again thy sacred ray;
Ye stars! that dimly twinkle in the rear
Of darkness, ere ye fade, my sorrows hear.
Oh! witness all my love, and all my woes,
And of a wretched life the wretched close:
So shall the haughty fair who caus'd my pain
Smile, in the rancour of her deep disdain;
So shall one act of mine this tyrant please,

And what my life inflames, my death appease:
Yet ever as I wept my griefs alone
And none my silent anguish e'er have known,
May never babbling Fame this act reveal,
But my pale corse this lonely grove conceal:
Lest what her scorn has wrought should raise one sigh
Or tinge with late regret Tisbina's eye.
Oh! never may this blow that ends my pain
The pure remembrance of her virtues stain!"

'Thus, resolute to die, Prasildo pour'd
His last lament, and drew his fatal sword:
And, as he set the point against his breast,
His farewell breath Tisbina's name exprest:
For by that hallow'd name he sought to move
Offended Heav'n, and share the bliss above.

'Meantime conceal'd among the tangled boughs
She listen'd to the story of his woes;
And good Iroldo felt for every groan,
Measuring Prasildo's passion by his own.
But soon between the two a plan was laid:
Tisbina sudden issued from the glade,
While hid within the brake Iroldo staid.' P. 43.

The plan consisted in Tisbina's promise of her heart, upon the knight's performance of an apparent impossibility, and which required him to take a journey into the wilds of Africa. By a preternatural assistance, however, he at length succeeds; and returns to claim Tisbina's engagement. Promises, it seems, were at this period regarded more strictly than in modern days—more, indeed, than life or chastity. The astonished pair are thrown into a state of desperation: but the promise had been given, and it must be kept. The husband, however, cannot live to be dishonoured, nor the wife after dishonour: they procure, therefore, a cup of slowly-acting poison; and, each having drank of it, Tisbina hastens to Prasildo's mansion to pay him the debt that was now his due.

'The gate was open'd; in Prasildo's ear
Was whisper'd what he most desir'd to hear.
But what, once told, his hope could scarce conceive;
He sprung away, and hastening to receive,
With all the honors that respect could frame
Or equipage afford, the beauteous dame,
Where greeting should have been and warm salute
Shame took the voice from Love and held him mute,
He would have bid her welcome; would have said
How richly all his toil was then repaid;
But conscious of his purpose, of a deed
By knighthood scorn'd though valour won the meed,
He look'd like one in secret mischief caught;
And durst not trust his tongue to tell his thought;
But blushes spoke the guilt that in him wrought.

At length he led her to a lonely room
Where no intruding eye or ear might come,
And whispering sounds that would relieve Despair,
Or sooth to smiles the canker'd lips of Care,
To calm her fears with soft caresses strove,
And win her modest mind to yielding love:
For he ascrib'd to shame her downcast mien,
Nor dreamt that Death was busied in the scene.

'Earnest and long he press'd her to disclose
(Ah! blind to fate!) the secret of her woes:
And proffer'd all his wealth or power could do,
Nay ev'n his life, that anguish to subdue.
Persuaded, at the last, she rais'd her head
And told him what, when heard, he wish'd unsaid:
"That love which you have sought, sir knight, is yours:
And shall be, while I live—four fleeting hours.
Your compact is perform'd, and won the bough:
Lo, then, I come, observant of my vow.
But life I must not keep, my honor lost,
And him, whom I regret in dying most:
Willing I hide me from the world and thee,
Whose luckless love has seal'd my destiny.
If, while my maiden vows were yet my own,
Thy excellence, Prasildo, I had known:
Nor cold had been my heart, nor thou, sir knight,
Pin'd, unrequited, from Tisbina's slight.
'Tis past: no double flame can love allow:
Iroldo has my faith, my pity, thou:
That pity, from thy former suffering sprung,
This labyrinth of woe has round me flung;
I sought to save thy life; and in thy stead
Of mine th' untimely forfeit must be paid.
My hours ev'n now are number'd; and with mine
Iroldo's thread our envious fates entwine."
Then of her wiles his constant love to change,
Or his whole mind from former thoughts estrange,
Of all, she told, their desperate grief had plann'd,
The bowl divided, and her death at hand.

'While yet she spoke fear froze Prasildo's breast;
Ere half the tale was done he knew the rest:
Oh, agony! when blest he seem'd to be,
To sink at once to depth of misery!
Just when success appear'd his suit to crown,
To clasp her dying whom he fancied won.
Pensive he said at last—"To heaven and thee
Worthless hath seem'd Prasildo's courtesy:
That of the dreadful deeds the world has known,
This, eminent in woe, might stand alone.
Two lovers often have by Love been raught,
But never three before to ruin brought
With misery so refin'd; and ev'n for nought.

Why did'st thou fear, too little trusting dame,
From me, once tried, thy forfeit to reclaim?
Say'st thou, 'twas pity for Prasildo's woes
That bade thee for his safety interpose?
No—'twas the cruel temper of thy heart
That wish'd a double sorrow to impart:
What? was my love so hateful, that the grave
A refuge less abhorr'd and hideous gave?
Why then prevent my death? in yonder grove
Why bid me live, if you disdain'd my love?
Why did you then this fatal pact propose
From whence this triple work of horror flows?
Heav'n knows I sought thy love—but never sought
To injure what I lov'd in deed or thought:
Ev'n now, howe'er thy foul suspicion wrong
My purity, from inbred honor sprung,
Thyself shall judge how innocent it glows,
When, yet untouch'd, I give thee all thy vows.
Free and absolv'd thou art—to go—or stay—"
He ceas'd: for passion took his voice away.

'Tisbina's gentle heart such anguish mov'd;
She saw he suffer'd and forgot he lov'd:
And thoughtless of her own approaching doom,
Long vainly tried to cheer Prasildo's gloom.

'She tried, but what she said was lost in air;
The manner how to die was all his care.
Speechless he seem'd to be, and deaf and blind;
Despair benumb'd the organs of his mind.
A mass of deadly projects rose within,
But nought that pass'd without was heard or seen;
He kiss'd her, but his kiss was cold; he took
Her hand; but vacancy was in his look;
He led her to the gate, and bade adieu;
But saw not when or whither she withdrew:
Thoughts follow'd thoughts; but none could give relief,
And madness had been mercy to his grief.

'Meantime Tisbina to her house return'd,
Where still with muffled eyes Iroldo mourn'd;
And told him how Prasildo's courtesy
Had only ta'en one kiss and left her free.
But scarcely had she spoken, scarce her lord
Kneeling, some grateful thanks to heaven had pour'd;
When creeping in her veins the opiate stay'd
Tisbina's pulse, and all her senses fled.
Without a groan she sank, as Death had drest
His terrors in refreshing slumber's vest,
And quiet as she lay, the sov'reign balm
Seem'd o'er her mind to shed a grateful calm.
But when the sudden swoon Iroldo view'd,
Ungovernable grief his heart subdu'd;

He blam'd the sun that could such mischief see,
And tax'd the saints of heav'n with cruelty;
And bitterly complain'd of Love's unjust decree.

'But leave we him to mourn his woful fate;
And turn to one not less disconsolate.
Absorb'd in horrid thoughts Prasildo kept
Apart from every friend, and ceaseless wept.
"Crawls there upon this earth," he oft would cry,
"A wretch more abject, more forlorn than I?
Is this, then, for my faith, the just return?
The perils I have dar'd, the labors borne?
Is this the product of Tisbina's vow?
The fruit expected from the golden bough?
Oh! if there be or saints or gods that know
Th' inexplicable turns of fate below,
If they, whom Cupid rules, have any share
In the vast range of Heav'n's parental care,
Oh! think if all th' extent of human woe
One instance of distress like mine can shew!"

'Meantime the sage to whom Tisbina's grief
Had trusted for a sad but last relief,
Fearful of other treacheries yet behind
From the dark workings of a woman's mind,
(For well the voice of rumour had made known
Prasildo's love, th' adventure, and the boon)
With hasty step Prasildo's palace sought,
And told him all he knew and all he thought;
"Her to whose hand the drug was giv'n," he said,
"Long have I known full well; Tisbina's maid.
But if what I suspect, my lord, be true;
If what was giv'n for her, be meant for you;
If thus her forfeit honour she would save,
And give you, for her love, an early grave;
My caution, in this deed, has stept between
Her wish and the completion of her sin.
This drug on which the treacherous dame relies
The terrors of its deadly force belies:
And he who drinks, howe'er his vital powers
Be staid, and still his breath for five long hours,
Wears but the outward garb of icy death
While life in secret embers glows beneath."

'These tidings as Prasildo heard, again
The languid currents rush'd in every vein,
As, when the storm descends, the batter'd flower
Fades in each tint, and sickens at the shower,
Till the bright sun its drooping life renews
And wakes the gloss in all its varied hues:
So, desperate as he was, the sage's word
New vigor to Prasildo's mind restor'd.

'What need to tell what store of thanks he gave
To the good man, whose providence could save

Three forfeit lives? Yet little time he staid,
But went where mimic death his pageant play'd:
And o'er Iroldo's grief a cheerful ray
Shed, like Aurora's beams that chase the night away:
The ecstasies Iroldo felt, I leave
To you, that hear my story, to conceive;
But let my verse to future times declare
The noble contest of that knightly pair.' p. 61.

It is much to be wished that the whole poem of Berni were to be rendered by the same accomplished hand. The 'Franklein's Tale, from Chaucer,' modernised; the episodes of 'Caligorante and Orillo,' from Ariosto; and that of 'Angelica and Medoro,' complete the volume. The poems, preceded by no preface, are accompanied by interesting notes. To us, the *ottava rima* of the Italians is more agreeably rendered in stanzas, as by Fairfax, than in couplets, as by Hoole; in other respects the version is nearly as fortunate as the nature of the languages can allow. The Italian is, of the two, the more dilute: an additional epithet is commonly requisite to prolong the matter of an Italian line into an English one: and these supernumerary epithets bestow a pomp of diction somewhat different in its character from the skimming facility of Ariosto's style.

ART. IX.—*A complete Analysis of the German Language: or a philological and grammatical View of its Construction, Analogies, and various Properties. By Dr. Render.* 8vo. 12*s. Boards.* Symonds. 1804.

OF German grammars, that of Adelung is the best; a close translation of it, if any thing more than the work of Wendeborn be necessary, would probably be the most useful present to the students of that idiom. Mr. Render aspires to furnish more than a German grammar, and to improve the philosophy of language itself, by the analysis of that of his native country.

In his preface (p. xvi.) he tells us that the English language is a *compound* of the Anglo-Saxon and modern German. This displays little attention to the recorded antiquities, or to the obvious phænomena, of our tongue. The Gothic dialects, which prevail between the Rhine, the Weichsel, and the Donau, are divided into two main *lips* (if we may borrow this proper Hebraïsm) or branches, called the High-Dutch and the Low-Dutch; the one being spoken by the highlanders of Germany, the other prevailing in the low countries at the mouth of the Weser and the Elbe. The literary language of Germany is a High-Dutch dialect, and to this language exclusively we give the name of German. The Anglo-Saxon, like the Frankish, is also a High-Dutch dialect, and corresponds in its inflexions

with the other dialects of that class. If, therefore, the English were a compound of Anglo-Saxon and German, it would be a High-Dutch dialect too. But it is, notoriously, a Low-Dutch dialect; and approaches, in its pronunciation, construction, inflexion, and other peculiarities, much nearer to the languages of Holland, Denmark, and the intervening provinces, than to the language of the German highlands. The Anglo-Saxon itself, although it was long the literary language of the church and monarchy of England, never made much impression on our speech, which remains as faithfully Low-Dutch now, as before the intrusion of the missionary literature. How should it be otherwise? England was peopled from Bremen, Osnaburg, Hanover, and their neighbourhoods; of course, the dialects there prevalent were first naturalised here. In the dark ages, when only a few monks could read and write, literature had little effect on the multitude; so that the Anglo-Saxon authors might have flourished and have faded, like exotics in a parlour, without scattering odours on the winter-gale, or tempting forth a single blossom in the orchard.

Mr. Render passes somewhat abruptly to the criticism of various German translations, and then returns to the history of language, in these words:

'Before I conclude my statement on language, I consider it as necessary to establish *two* points, of the utmost consequence for the student to be acquainted with, namely: *who was the first promoter of the High German language, and who brought it to its purity?*—Secondly, *where is the best German spoken?*—

'The first man who introduced and brought to perfection the German language, was the illustrious author of the reformation, Martin Luther, to whom German literature is indebted for its polish. His translation of the Bible is indeed a master-piece. It was he too who adopted the true idiom of that language. This great and learned man eradicated all former prevailing bad customs, and corrected also the reigning harsh and bad dialect; which, although not supported by the authority of antecedent writers, was free from many disadvantages under which his predecessors evidently laboured. It was a man of his spirit and genius who alone was calculated to attempt such a revolution; and the situation in which he stood, rendered the success complete. The transition from one to the other custom, was not abrupt and sudden. The ancient dialect remained the basis; and the changes introduced by him were regular and progressive. In his publications, prior to the Bible, (which was his last work) the deviations from the former bad idiom and customs, were comparatively few; however, they increased in proportion as he seems to have been more convinced of the justice of that measure, and as the public became more reconciled to the innovation.

'The authority and example of Luther were soon followed by his friends and adherents; and his language was received by all those who embraced his doctrines. The protestant preachers came from *Wittenberg* (the place where Luther was professor) to all parts of the German empire, and delivered their tenets in the dialect of their

master. Thus it was introduced into all corners of Germany, to which the reformation has penetrated. It even served as a mark of distinction between the reformed and papists. The latter persevered in the old style, and abhorred the new one, as an abominable invention of heresy. But it was the more cherished by their opponents, and, in process of time, not only the discourses from the pulpit, but the institutions of youth were carried on in the same language; till at last it gained such ascendency, that superseding all the provincial dialects, it was alone regarded as the proper language both for devotion and instruction.

'It was the reformation that had been the fruit of progressive civilisation and improvement in the German language: it was that too, which not only enlightened mankind, but promoted the advancement of knowledge and learning. It was as a guiding star to all who were inimical to superstition, and favourable to truth. It gave to the human mind a more extensive scope, by counteracting ignorance and delusion. The provinces, in which the reformation was first received, by this advantage soon became pre-eminent to the rest of the popish countries in Germany. They became the source of refinement, and the seat of arts: and served as an example for imitation to their neighbours. The language in the protestant countries in Germany is allowed to be more pure and elegant, more correct and harmonious, than other idioms in the Roman-catholic provinces; for it rose in the former to that superiority, in which we behold it at this moment, and is rapidly advancing to the zenith of its glory.

'This is the language which, in contradiction to the other idioms, is termed *Hochdeutsch*, i. e. *High German*. As it has ceased to be a provincial dialect, and is become the general language of the country, it may justly be called the German, by way of pre-eminence; for it has been cultivated in all quarters. In its present state, it can no longer be called the language of the electorate of Saxony, spoken by the inhabitants at large; but there, as elsewhere, it is confined to the higher orders. It is possessed of a superior degree of correctness, having been weeded of all local and provincial peculiarities.

'In confirmation of what I have advanced, it will perhaps be of some advantage to quote the testimony and authority of professor Adelung, concerning the German language, who is beyond all doubt the most excellent and the most perfect authority we can refer to. His evidence alone, in this particular, ought to be deemed peremptorily decisive and impartial; for he is known not to favour any dialect in particular, not even the Saxon (some few instances excepted) but admires and approves the purity of the true German pronunciation alone. There is perhaps no dictionary extant which is preferable to his, as the dictionary of a native language. This competent critic expresses himself, in the following terms, in his admirable work, *Lehrgebäude der deutschen Sprache*; a system of the German language, vol. i. page 85.

"The High German, although more frequently spoken in the electorate of Saxony than in other provinces, which have not quite attained to that degree by which the principal towns in that country are distinguished, is by no means the language of trade and common people; and therefore cannot any longer be considered as a provincial dialect. That language, which, in our time is adopted for writing,

is no longer limited to one particular province, as Saxony, but is *the general language of taste and polite education throughout Germany.*" P. xxix.

The first section, which treats of etymology, endeavours to teach the pronunciation of the German; but this is not of easy acquisition to those who reside not in the country. The very unphilosophical manner in which the Germans employ the letters of their alphabet, is itself an almost insuperable barrier to orthoëpy. They make no distinction between their hard and soft consonants, and use them one for another. Every one knows that a hard and a soft consonant can, by no human organs, be pronounced in immediate contiguity, as parts of the same articulation. We can pronounce *tipt*, and we can pronounce *ribb'd*; *dockt*, and *dogg'd*; *lift*, and *liv'd*; *apt*, and *stabb'd*; *soft*, and *shov'd*; *brats*, and *adze*, &c.; but although we can write the *k* and *d* successively, we cannot utter them so. *Dock'd* is an impossible sound; the final *d* must be changed by the organs of speech into *t*. In short, *b*, *d*, *g*, *z*, *v*, will coalesce; and so will *p*, *t*, *k*, *s*, and *f*; but neither class will coalesce with any member of the other. The German orthography perpetually confounds these distinctions: it writes *Abt*, *Stadt*, although no human organs can pronounce otherwise than either *Abd*, or *Apt*—than either *Stadd*, or *Statt*. The consequence is, that the Germans grow up without learning to distinguish the hard and soft letters; and that, when they study a foreign language, they substitute indiscriminately, like the Welsh among ourselves, *p* for *b*, *t* for *d*, *f* for *v*, and *s* for *z*, with the most ludicrous perverseness. A diminished facility in acquiring foreign tongues is the natural result of this unphilosophic alphabet. Another strange peculiarity of the Germans is to express by *sch* the simple sound which many other Europeans express by *sh*; as if it were impossible to make too great a display of consonants. In a mere grammar, which ought to teach usage, and nothing else, such observations would be superfluous; but in an analysis of the German language, which sets out with pretensions to philosophical investigation, they ought not to have been omitted. The different European nations are arrived at that stage of culture in which the language of books dictates to conversation. The influence, and perhaps the number, of readers, exceeds the influence and number of mere speakers. Instead of endeavouring to write as is spoken, men endeavour to speak as is written; the anomalous in inflexion, the mistaken in idiom, the inconsistent in spelling, is consequently expiring; and languages are becoming, what Monboddo maintains the Greek to have been, creatures of philosophy, and inventions of logical criticism. It is for each nation carefully to examine its own dialect, and to engraft those improvements of which it is capable: it will else be left behind in the general progress of the arts of expression. The German and the French languages have, in our times, undergone a pro-

digious change in their grammatical laws, by the concert of authors, and the voluntary imitation of the people. Analogies, which once passed for harsh, have been familiarised and extended; and words are minted by the hundred, in every convenient mould or die.

In the comparative anatomy of languages our author is not well versed. In German, a vowel followed by a single consonant is long, and by a double consonant is short: Mr. Render very properly instances (p. 36) the long *a* by *vater*, and the short *a* by *mann;* but he produces, as corresponding instances, the English words *bar* and *glass;* and asserts that the *a* is long in *bar*, and short in *glass;* which, in the latter instance, is certainly not the case. A double consonant does not necessarily shorten the preceding vowel in English: *staff*, *wall*, *glass*, are decidedly long. We have many words, however, which are hereby shortened, and which prove that the English tongue, in this respect, still labours under an anomaly: for while *glass* and *brass* are long, *lass* and *mass* are evidently short, and ought to have been selected by our author instead of the latter of the two terms we have here adverted to.

The further this work proceeds, the more it sinks into a mere grammar, interspersed with exercises for the student. One of these appears to be an original tale, and will be more amusing to our readers than dry comments of philology.

'The count and countess **** generally spent their summer in one of the northern provinces of Germany; their castle was situate on a fine romantic eminence, overlooking an adjacent village, and at a considerable distance from any high road: the edifice was spacious, elegantly decorated, and built in the Gothic stile.

'The count being obliged to quit his seat for a few days, upon important business, reluctantly left his beautiful lady, in the bloom of youth, alone in the castle. A few of his most trusty servants attended him on his journey, whilst the rest remained in the castle with their mistress. No accounts were known of any remarkable robberies or murders in that country: and as the lady by no means deserved to be classed among the most timorous of her sex; it was improbable that her situation should suggest to her any idle fears.

'On the second night, however, after her husband's departure, when scarcely retired to rest, she heard a dreadful noise in the adjoining apartment. She called, but received no answer; the noise became still louder and the shrieks more distinct. Not being able to conceive the cause of this disturbance, she jumped out of bed, and opened the door, when a most shocking spectacle presented itself to her sight. Two of her domestics lay weltering in their blood, murdered by a savage band of ruffians; one of them was giving the fatal blow to her own attendant, who appeared in the very act of suing for mercy. At the same instant two of the monsters rushed in upon her with drawn swords. Then might presence of mind have deserted even a man; a loud shriek of woe, or a fruitless prayer for mercy, would alone have suggested themselves to a common mind; but to the countess far different ideas occurred.

"Are you come at length?"—She exclaimed, rushing forwards with a firmness which astonished and embarrassed the murderers.—"Are you come at length!"—She again exclaimed.—"For such guests in vain have I long wished."—"Wished!" replied one of the murderers,—"what do you mean?—wait a moment,"—brandishing his sword—"and I will — — —." "Stop! stop!" said another of the gang, "let us first hear;—*what have you to say?*"

"Nothing, but what perfectly coincides with your wishes, my brave fellows," returned the countess; "you have managed most admirably; you are men after my heart's desire and shall have no reason to repent if you will," — — "Speak!" cried they with one voice: "speak! be quick," exclaimed the most atrocious of the ruffians, "for we use no ceremony."

"I do not despair, however," rejoined the countess. "I am the wife of the wealthiest nobleman in this country, yet the wife of the poorest beggar cannot be more wretched than I am. My husband is the most avaricious and jealous of his sex; he is a burden to me, and to be delivered from him has long been the object of my most earnest and fervent wishes; I have formed many plans for my escape, but could never put any into execution; I have many times wished to procure some poison, in order to get rid of him; but I could not trust my servants. They are all spies, and she, whom you have just dispatched, is the most detestable of her sex. I am now nearly twenty years of age and not totally destitute of beauty: moreover, my husband lived with that wretch (pointing to the murdered chambermaid), and consequently she has done me every kind of mischief, where she could find the least opportunity, for setting my husband against me. If any one of you will protect me, I will most willingly accompany him in all his wanderings, and contentedly spend the night under a hedge, and the day in a village alehouse; being tired of my present wretched situation. I should be glad to revenge myself, in following you, for the perfidy and ill treatment of my tyrannical husband. Spare but my life, and you shall have no reason to regret your humanity; this castle contains a mine of wealth, and the greater part of its treasures are easily discovered, yet there are hoards which you can never obtain without my assistance."

'Whatever excess fellows of this description may sometimes commit, still they are men. The countess's unexpected address, her undaunted tone of voice, and her uncommon beauty, altogether produced in these monsters (whose hands yet reeked with the blood of her domestics) a wonderful effect. They assembled in a ring, and consulted for some minutes upon the steps to be pursued. The countess, though unguarded, discovered not the smallest inclination to escape, and scarcely changed colour, though their horrid threats and imprecations continually reached her ears. The leader of the band soon addressed her: he repeatedly asked her, whether they might trust her word? Whether she was resolved to desert her husband and yield to their desires? To these questions she invariably answered in the affirmative. Necessity may surely be urged as an excuse for her conduct.

"Come then," cried the leader, whilst he embraced her, "and make the promised discoveries; though we place but little confidence in nobles, trained up as they are in the paths of debauchery and vice,

we will this time venture: be assured, however, that were you still more beautiful, your head shall be the forfeit of your indiscretion, if we discover that you intend to escape or deceive us."

'She immediately seized the light with the greatest alacrity, and led them through every apartment; she opened, unasked, every door, and every place of security; she assisted them in packing up the treasures; she talked and joked with perfect good humour, leaped over the murdered bodies that lay in her way, with apparent indifference, and willingly exposed her delicate person to the most fatiguing labour.

'Plate, money, jewels, clothes, and many pieces of valuable furniture, were already prepared for being carried off; the signal for their decampment was given, when the leader's newly-destined bride seizing him hastily by the arm, "did not I before assure you," exclaimed she, "that you should have no reason to repent of your good opinion of my honour? Open treasures you can easily seize; it now becomes me to discover those which are secreted."—"Secreted!"—"Can you suppose," interrupted she, "that in a mansion like this there are no places of security destined for the concealment of property? Have patience, and you shall have good reason for changing your opinion." She then directed them to a hidden spring in her husband's writing-desk, which, upon the slightest pressure, immediately flew open, and displayed six immense pieces of bullion.

"Come! come!" exclaimed the leader, "I now begin to find that you are really worthy of being my mistress."—"Aye, and your wife too," replied the countess whilst she embraced him, "when I have made still greater discoveries. You were informed, I am aware, of my tyrant's absence; but did you not hear of six thousand ducats which he, the day before yesterday, received from his banker?"—"No! where are they?"—"Oh! perfectly safe and at your disposal; and you could never have found them or the iron chest which contains them, if I had not assisted you. Follow me! we have completed our labours here, let us now commence them under ground. Follow me, I say, to the subterraneous caverns."

'The murderers obeyed, but not without precaution. At the extremity of the descent they stationed a sentinel, whom the countess totally disregarded. She continued to march on before them till they arrived at a closet, in a secret recess in the cavern. "Here," said she, offering the leader the keys, "unlock the chest, and behold the reward of your good opinion of me!"

'The leader tried the keys, but in vain; he began to display visible marks of impatience and mistrust. "Let me try," said the countess with increased impatience, "if I cannot manage the business rather more expeditiously: the morning will perhaps..... Oh! I now see why our endeavours failed, pardon the mistake; your visit, though it afforded me infinite pleasure, yet I must confess rather perplexed me. I have taken the wrong bunch of keys; be patient, and the mistake shall soon be rectified."

'She fled up the staircase like lightning, and before many moments had escaped, they heard her returning fatigued and breathless. "Found! found!" she cried with exultation, and springing suddenly upon the sentinel she threw the poor unguarded wretch headlong into the cavern. The trap-door being once secured, the escape

of the deluded murderers was effectually prevented: with equal presence of mind she fled across the court-yard of the castle, and setting fire to the thatch of some adjoining pent-houses, she alarmed the neighbouring villagers: they hurried in crowds to the castle, and were accosted at the entrance by the countess. A very few of them was sufficient to extinguish the flames and prevent their farther progress. The rest repaired immediately to the guard-chamber, where they found arms in abundance. They soon furnished themselves with implements of attack, and besetting every avenue to the castle, they seized and conducted to punishment these unfortunate murderers to *** for humanity, mercy and justice.' P. 270.

The concluding sentence is not intelligible: we suppose it to be a misprint. In the German words at foot, which are to spare the learner a recurrence to the dictionary, there are additional errors of the press, which have much the appearance of impurities: *losz zu werden* for *los zu werden*, *Leichnamme* for *Leichname*, and many others.

ART. X.—*Sketches on the intrinsic Strength, military and naval Force of France and Russia; with Remarks on their present Connexion, political Influence and future Projects. In two Parts. Part I.* 4*to.* 12*s. Boards.* Harding. 1803.

WHEN fame, well deserved, is procrastinated through impediments of our own; when modest merit, still anxious for distinction, unobtrusively awaits the public notice; we feel with compunction the numerous claims that we are prevented noticing, and which we nevertheless should notice with applause. In publications of a different kind from the present, delay is attended with advantages. Confident assertions, which owe their force to the mere dogmatism of diction, lose their power upon mature reflexion: declamation, without argument, is discovered to be a flimsy veil, which hides the weakness only in part, and which, by inviting examination, renders it more conspicuous. We mean not, however, to apply this representation, in every respect, to the work before us. It is indeed bold and dogmatic; it is decisive, but able. It is, however, unequal; and in some passages, which materially influence the author's conclusion, we think, erroneous.

The first part is a studied panegyric on the power and resources of France. The soil of France will, it is said, produce from imposts, annually, thirty millions sterling, which in ten years may be increased by one third. The author, in support of this statement, adduces his own ocular experience. Even this, however, extends no further than to the acknowledgement of the French themselves, who nevertheless equally oppose the calculation and the projected improvement. Another error is,

that war, both in the naval and military departments, commerce and agriculture, are to be equally supported by an immense indeed, but a definite, population. If a million of men be in arms or afloat, commerce and agriculture must feel the deficiency. This is in no respect considered in the reasoning. Nothing is more easy than to raise the men—it is admitted: to build the ships—this we admit too: to ply the loom or to drive the plough—we admit it again. But when the same definite number are to do all, a want must be felt in some department.

'As the manufactures of all countries, are more or less, modelled upon the leading taste and manners of the people amongst whom they are made, those of France, were hitherto considered so gaudy and overcharged, that they never were in general request amongst the sober part of the community in any other country. There never was any thing, of real use, combined with durable elegance, made in France: nor, if we except their pomatums, hair-powder and girlish toys, did their manufacturers produce any article, that could command a general market.

'The republic has now however acquired advantages which *monarchical France* never had. The revolution has destroyed that prejudice which excluded manufacturers, mechanics and merchants, from what was considered genteel society: it has annihilated the public debt; the circulating capital is thereby nearly confined to specie and wares, and cannot so far exceed a fair proportion with *(of)* the produce of the soil, as to raise the produce of labor above the level of exportation: and it has laid open the face of the whole country to agriculture and improvement; so that an abundance of the necessaries of life is secured and certain. The war has given to *republican France* a military command over half the governments of Europe; and the diplomacy of *Bonaparte* commands the other half, and also Africa and America: the consulate may, therefore, either monopolize the consumption of these countries, or insist on a decided preference being given in their markets, to the produce of the republic and her manufactures.

'The other states of continental Europe can set no manufactures in competition with those of France: their military and militia laws, the feudal vassalage still existing and the rights of corporations, are insurmountable obstacles to all kinds of mechanical perfection. In Great Britain, the immense mass of public and private paper in circulation, the amount, and manner of levying, the public imposts, with the unpardonable neglect of agriculture and of the fisheries, have raised the price of labor to such a rate, that, notwithstanding the superiority of British mechanism, if efficacious measures are not taken to secure the necessaries of common life at a fair price, her exportation must sooner or later be confined to such articles as cannot be made elsewhere.' P. 21.

This declamation must be unfounded and weak, unless all the writers on commerce, the merchants of London and Holland, have been, for ages, wrong. The author should know, that it is not the real but the infinitely multiplied fictitious

capital that carries on extensive commerce: in fact, it is credit, established by a long course of honourable dealings. This France has to acquire—and she has not increased her stock during the consulate. We allow Bonaparte's power to be great; but it must be infinitely greater, to controul the course of commerce. Even at the point of the bayonet, English manufactures are now sold in Paris; and, at this moment, France does not, *on the whole*, supply a sufficiency for her own consumption; for what she exports to Italy is more than compensated by what she draws from Germany and England. Whether the lawless marauder, the military free-booter, will, by the omnipotent power of the first consul, ever become a farmer or a weaver, we are yet to learn. The emigration of English or German workmen, in any considerable or important proportion, is visionary; a mere phantom of the speculatist. Habits, customs, manners totally different, oppose such an union, as much as the physical properties of oil, water, and fire, prevent their combination.

France, it is supposed, *may* be active in her fisheries, and *may* raise, in this way, a marine force. The French, however, have at no period been able or industrious fishermen; and the sea is now less their element, than at any former æra. Brave men will fight with spirit on any element; and the French have been always brave. Genius also will discover itself in any situation: and Suffrein, La Villaret, Joyeuse, with some others, have been distinguished naval commanders. But these solitary instances will make no difference in the real question; they are exceptions to a general rule; and it is certain that the former race of French seamen is no more. A fleet may be built in half a century: a whole century will be required to produce sailors.

On the subject of foreign trade, the author does not see the entire extent of his subject; nor has he carried the argument which he employs to its full bearing. France, in possession of St. Domingo and Louisiana, might have greatly annoyed many parts of the British commerce; she might, indeed, have done more. South America was then *under* her protection, and she was directly in possession of the riches of Mexico and Peru. This the present war has prevented; for Great Britain intermediately gave Louisiana to the United States. In the possession of Brasil and the Cape of Good Hope, she may almost command our trade in India, or reduce us to the necessity of carrying it on in line of battle ships. This, however, she cannot do till she have a naval superiority; and the first step in opposition to Portugal, must be followed by *our* protecting the Brasils. In that case, the Cape is an expensive and useless burden; for the high southern latitude which ships going to India make, in order to avoid the baffling winds near the Cape, will prevent any great danger from accidental cruisers.

That America might have annexed St. Domingo to the United States, by a declaration that it belonged to them, is insisted on

by the author. The plan savours too strongly of the directorial and consular morality, to engage our approbation; nor can we admit the fact, that France and England would not have opposed it. It might have cemented an alliance.—The following plan, in the event of the French having possessed St. Domingo and Guiana, is vast and gigantic.

'By the kingdom of Fez and other settlements in Africa, of which they intend to possess themselves, the French believe, that they will be able to supply their West India colonies, with all sorts of provisions and other necessaries, independent of America: and, as their West India shipping will thereby, in general, have some part of a cargo outwards, they imagine they can bring home their colony produce at a lower freight than others. These two circumstances, with the superior quality of their sugars and coffee, and with the possession of Guiana, will, by the calculation of the *consulate*, enable France to furnish continental Europe, with West India produce, on better terms than Great Britain.

'The French consider Guiana, both Dutch and Portuguese, as an acquisition of the highest importance; and not inferior to the British settlement of Bengal; they say, they can in a few years make it raise sugar and cotton enough for the consumption of half the world! that they can never be dispossessed of that colony and may extend its territory on all sides, to any distance they please.' P. 36.

On the subject of military strength, our author's eyes are not more acute than on those of commerce and political economy. In the first instance which strikes us, it is obvious that the states mentioned were ruined by these very armies. It was a feverish, a convulsive exertion, which destroyed the vital strength. At this instant, the army of Prussia is nominal only: she cannot afford to bring it into the field; and, were Great Britain at once to strike at the root of her little opulence, her carrying trade would be soon paralysed.

'Several extraordinary men, have, at certain periods, raised and maintained armies and navies very disproportionate to the visible means they possessed. In confining our remarks to modern times, we find that Gustavus Adolphus organised an army, which made Sweden arbitrator in the affairs of Europe: some men of talents raised even Holland to the same rank; and Frederic II. made a Brandenburg army formidable to the house of Austria. But, the localities and natural powers of Sweden, Holland and Prussia, not being in themselves sufficient to consolidate a preponderance in the political world; their power declined as the genius and heroism, which had raised them to eminence disappeared; those states are now, some fallen into dependency and under foreign subjection, and the others are dwindling insensibly into their natural insignificance.

'It may be said, that Prussia has yet 260,000 soldiers: but those who know the present situation of affairs, see that army, like other relics, only respectable in the memory of those heroes, who created it: instead of being a support to the state, the military in Prussia, are daily preying upon the vitals of the nation.' P. 39.

The following remarks, with the note annexed, are too singular to be passed over.—But has not the author sufficient penetration to see that the declamations he reprobates, were, with the exception of good wishes for the success of the Swiss—in other words, in favour of innocence sinking under tyranny—the clamours of a faction?

'Since the jacobin system of resistance to legal authority, has been ratified by all the sovereigns of Europe, and hallowed by the pope, much pains have been taken to shew, that a people fighting, in what is called their own cause, are capable of greater achievements, than those who fight for a chief. By this invidious doctrine, it is meant to prove, that oppression, ignorance and corruption are the hereditary characteristics of a legal government: otherwise, how could it be asserted, that a band of rebel adventurers, a few usurpers, or, a self-elected chief, should be better qualified, than a legitimate sovereign, to raise a commonwealth to grandeur*? The fact is, these pretended extraordinary powers of democracy, are bugbears of sophistical invention. A people no sooner renounce their allegiance to one ruler, than they pass under the dominion of another: and if, at the command of a consul, or president, they perform deeds, which they will not do at the order of an emperor, or a king, the cause must necessarily lie in the superior, or inferior capacity of one of the parties.

'Calculations, made upon the spirit of a nation, *without a body*, or upon the body of a people, *without a soul*, will always prove fallacious. In the political sphere of human action, extraordinary men appear but seldom; and although the vexatious vices of ignorant rulers, may sometimes, rouse up an oppressed people to vengeance, yet, they will never become formidable to other states, until they themselves are subdued and follow a leader, or obey a chief.' P. 40.

In the comparison of the military force of France with that of Austria and other neighbouring military powers, we own that the balance is greatly in favour of the republic. The compactness, the intimate connexion of her territories, the strength of her frontier, and the union of her population, give her every advan-

'* There is no country in Europe where this doctrine is less defined, nor propagated with more industry, than it has lately been in Great Britain. When a faction of Polish adventurers, sanctioned by the most insignificant prince that ever swayed a sceptre, attempted to extend the jacobin revolution of France, from Constantinople to the northern extremities of Europe, the British press teemed with prayers for their success, and poured out reprobations upon those governments, that, in their own defence, opposed the torrent of anarchy and confusion. The London papers made heroic and victorious armies of the *black negroes* in St. Domingo: and at the moment we are writing, they are filled with such panegyrics on the patriotism and noble zeal of a deluded rabble in Switzerland, that, to read them is disgusting to common sense.

'In what relates to the political state of Europe in general and to the affairs of the respective states in particular, the extreme ignorance exhibited by our public writers, and sometimes by our public speakers, is to be regretted; for, it is through their medium, that the nation is taught to estimate men and measures; and upon their papers and harangues foreigners form their opinions of the polities and talents of the British government.'

tage. The population, however, is considerably over-rated at thirty millions, unless Belgium and Piedmont be included. Fearful, however, that the impression might not be sufficiently strong in favour of France, the author sums up her advantages with additions and improvements. We admit the force of his remarks respecting the continental powers, but we deny it with respect to Great Britain. France has neither Malta, Guiana, St. Domingo, Louisiana, or the Brasils. She can obtain none of them, if Britain choose to dispute the possession; nor could she retain, if she possessed them. She cannot have a navy throughout the present century; for though she can build ships, she cannot build seamen. It will be an everlasting disgrace to the French navy, that sailors were sent from the Mediterranean, to man their flotilla on the coasts of the British Channel.—The following remarks are highly judicious.

'The heavy navies of France will not, however, soon be in a state to give much uneasiness to her rival neighbour. Should Bonaparte seriously set about building line of battle ships, Great Britain may congratulate herself and let him go on. Lucky gamesters play boldly; but, when they meet with a few successive checks, they lose their clue, and become more disconcerted than others. The consul has hitherto staked high, and with remarkable success; should he attempt to pursue his fortune upon the ocean, his preparations will be analogous to his usual measures; skirmishing is not in his tactics; if he send a fleet to sea, it will be such a fleet, as France never could boast of before; but if the spirit of the British nation do not entirely subside in the interval, that fleet will be beaten; every effort, which revenge can devise, will be made to augment its force, and it will be beaten again; its creator may then lose his temper and France will lose her stake in the game.

'The light *flottilles*, which the republic is preparing, may perhaps merit the attention of the British government, more than all the heavy navies of Europe and America together. It is certain, that at this moment, arrangements are making to form and repair such *depots* and convenient harbours, between Brest and the Ems, where 1500 to 2000 light vessels may be kept in safety and constant readiness; to act either offensively, or to defend their own coasts, as occasion may point out, or require: it is equally certain, that immense quantities of materials and stores, for the construction and equipment of these vessels, are already collecting from all quarters: and, there is no doubt that the consulate intends to extend this naval system of light squadrons to America and the West Indies.' P. 65.

The remarks on the effects that might ensue, should France possess the free navigation of the Black Sea, cannot detain us in this place. The discussion must be, at last, vague and unsatisfactory. But whether she can ever use the privilege, must depend on Britain. At the time the author wrote, peace was not concluded—a peace which his views should lead him highly to condemn. Yet perhaps much, at a proper period, may be alleged in its favour.

'To justify his calculation and insure the pacific neutrality of Great Britain, Bonaparte will keep the government in a continual state of suspense. To oblige the ministry to carry the annual expenditure more and more above the receipt of the public revenue, the consulate will order, or pretend to have ordered, squadrons of gunboats and light vessels, to be built and armed on the Mississippi, on the Rio-grande de la Madalena and on the Orenoco; the republic will form, or talk of forming settlements, on the Red and Winnipeg lakes, in Tupinamb and Cap-del-rey; and the consul will enter into treaty with the president of the United States, to declare Acadia and Canada free republics, to put New Britain, Hudson's Bay and the island of Newfoundland, under the natural sovereignty of America; and that free ships shall make free cargoes. Orders will likewise be given, to build squadrons on the Euphrates, at Bassora, Gombaroon, on the Indus, and on the lakes in Siba; to take possession and fortify the islands of Salsetta, Ormus and Kismish; the posts of Aden, Zeila, the islands and ports of Camarana, Erquiko and Monbaza, will be ceded to France *; and the republic will make settlements in Sindi, Guzerat, Aracan and Pegu. A treaty with the emperor Alexander to reinstate the Mogul and hereditary princes of Indostan in their former rank and possessions, will be approved of by the sophi of Persia, consecrated by the grand lama and cried through the streets of London, Calcutta, Madrass and Delhi. A *senatus-consultum*, prohibiting the importation of British manufactures and the consumption of British cured fish in Italy, Spain, Portugal and Turky, and forbidding the transit of British produce through Holland and up the Rhine, will be talked of, perhaps really issued: and a convention to recover and maintain the liberty of the sea, under the auspices of France and Russia, will be acceded to by all the maritime states of Europe.

'Besides these menaces abroad, we shall be amused with the consul's preparations at home; dozens of line of battle ships will be launching monthly in the ports of Holland, France and Spain; gunboats will rise in the Channel like mushrooms; and St. Valery, Boulogne, Mardik, Dunkirk and Flushing will be converted into spacious impregnable naval harbours. Naval manœuvres, military encampments, sham-fights and reviews, will be exhibited to astonish and terrify the swarms of our gaping countrymen, who, to the disgrace of the British name, are daily flocking to cringe and bow before their sovereign's tumid foe!' P. 83.

This is vague declamation, not meriting a reply: the remainder of what relates to France, is nearly in the same style.

The second part professedly respects Russia, and *her* prodigious power. Yet the introduction is of a nature so equivocal, that we suspect the whole work was written for this purpose—*viz.*

'* To possess and secure the command of the Gulph of Ormus and Straits of Bab-el-mandel, is not a new speculation; if the late empress Catherine II. would have countenanced the views of France, that project would have been attempted in 1785 and 1786. Perhaps Bonaparte may have more influence in the councils of the present emperor than Vergennes had in those of Catherine.'

to magnify the concentrated force of the northern nations, and depreciate Great Britain, as well as to calumniate her conduct. The whole is in a style of rash unqualified assertion, concerning which, as we know some part to be unfounded, we suspect the whole to be hazarded—*valeat quantum valere potest* may have been the author's view; if accusations be loaded with an unsparing hand, some will probably fix an indelible stain. We need not, however, give more decisive proofs, in opposition to the representation before us, than the late conduct of Sweden, and the menacing front of Russia to the encroachments of the consulate in the north of Germany. Various sneers at the northern expedition are thrown out in different parts of the work; and it is triumphantly asked—what we could have done, if a negotiation had not taken place after the destruction of the defence of Copenhagen? We can inform him:—the next day the arsenal would have been burnt, and the whole navy demolished. Is it not enough, then, to have shown that one of the northern powers was not secure from the British thunder? In short, unwarranted assertions, unfounded sarcasms, and gross misrepresentations, occur so frequently, are so closely mixed with acute and judicious remarks, that it would require a volume to separate the grain from the tares. The idea of the vast power of Russia on the east, and the facility with which she could lead an army to the banks of the Ganges, must necessarily draw a smile from those who know with what a weak hand she holds the reins of empire on the banks of the Caspian: the heart is scarcely perceived to beat in these distant extremities. If, in countries so scantily inhabited, provisions be cheap, the low price must arise as much from the scarcity of money as from the bounty of nature. An army of 10,000 men would be obliged to draw its provisions from a distance, or wait, like Hanno, to sow the corn before they could procure bread.

The immense projects, which France, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, are to effect, are next detailed. This, in the first instance, argues an agreement in views, plans, and means, which in such a discordant coalition could not be obtained. It requires exertion, to which the finances of some of these states are unequal: it demands a navy and seamen, which France does not and cannot soon possess. A curious typographical *equivoque* occurs in this discussion, where France is said to have determined to keep up a navy of '— 65 sail of the line' in the Mediterranean: *minus* 65!—thus the author is by accident right. Another curious error is, when, describing the means of preventing access to the Baltic by sinking *chevaux-de-frize* in the Great Belt, he enumerates, among their advantages, the facility with which they can be laid down, and *removed*.—Can he be serious?

We are promised a second part, which will be noticed in due

time. We find in this volume a sketch of its contents, which are not highly creditable to the liberality of the author. Perhaps we have enlarged too far on the present volume; but its shape is questionable. Errors and just observations form a medley which may mislead the incautious reader; and the work *may* be popular, because an Englishman is delighted to hear that he is ruined.

The appearance of this volume is singular. The type is seemingly foreign; and, though the author be evidently an Englishman, foreign idioms are scattered with apparent care. The place of publication, 'the Hague,' also covers another name which originally stood in the title. In short, a foreign disguise is clearly assumed: the real motives are uncertain.

ART. XI.—*Translations from the Greek, viz. Aristotle's Synopsis of the Virtues and Vices. The Similitudes of Demophilus. The Golden Sentences of Democrates. And the Pythagoric Symbols, with the Explanations of Jamblichus. By William Bridgman, F. L. S. To which are added, the Pythagoric Sentences of Demophilus, by Mr. Thomas Taylor.* 8*vo.* 5*s. Boards.* White. 1804.

THE little volume which is now before us, contains a translation of a few small pieces; the greater part of which seem chiefly valuable in consequence of their being rare.

Amongst these, the Synopsis of the Virtues and Vices, commonly bearing the name of Aristotle, is not the least important. By whom, as Mr. Bridgman observes, this small work was written, is a point on which the learned are not fully agreed. For our own part, we certainly do not esteem it a genuine production of the celebrated Stagirite; and are inclined, with Fawconer, to attribute it to the pen of his commentator Andronicus, or at least to some one of his disciples.

It is pardonable in an author to have an affection for his offspring; and therefore we are not surprised that Mr. Bridgman thinks more highly of some of these pieces than ourselves, and perhaps others, are disposed to do. The explanation, for example, of the Pythagoric Symbols, by Jamblichus, almost excites a smile. It appears to us an instance of that sort of mind which can produce any thing out of any thing. This certainly is a matter of no great difficulty; but when it has once taken possession of the understanding, it scarcely confines itself within any bounds. Every trivial expression is made to conceal profound wisdom; and the most wild and unheard-of fables become the vesture beneath which more than common learning is supposed to lie. Those who are acquainted with the writings of the *later* Platonists are well aware of this truth: *such*, we mean, are well aware

of this truth, as are not disposed to *out-platonise* Plato; for, as to those who are, *hellebore* itself would be in vain called in to their aid. We say this, because the translator of the present work, who seems to be a modest man, announces himself to be the friend of Mr. Thomas Taylor, and speaks of that gentleman's discoveries in a strain of the highest kind—a gentleman whose affection for the fables of Paganism has led him to reject the more rational system of Christianity, and whose *modesty* has induced him to bestow the terms *ignorant* and *sophist* on all who have ventured to differ from him in opinion.

'The Golden Sentences of the latter, and the Similitudes of the former, however, comprise the whole that has been preserved, except the Pythagoric Sentences of Demophilus, of which an English version was published about ten years ago by my friend Mr. Thomas Taylor, and annexed to his translation of Sallust on the Gods and the World. It is to this gentleman that English literature owes the accession of some of the most valuable productions of antient Greece, which are rendered doubly valuable by the elucidations and ample explanations which his intimate knowledge of the Platonic philosophy and laborious investigation of the early commentators on it, have so well qualified him to give. In addition to my share of thanks on this account, I have to acknowledge my obligation for his permission to reprint his translation of the Pythagoric Sentences of Demophilus, and thus enabling me to present the public with the whole of that philosopher's remaining works. But I am still more indebted to him for the great assistance he has afforded me in the translation now given of the very difficult and corrupt text of the explanations of the Pythagoric Symbols by Jamblichus, which are annexed to Arcerius's edition of the Life of Pythagoras, published at Comelin in 1598, where only they are to be found.' P. X.

We have said that Jamblichus has given great latitude to his imagination. The subsequent extract will show how far our assertion is true; and will, at the same time, afford no bad specimen of the manner in which the work is executed.

'SYMBOL 20.

'Nourish not that which has crooked nails.

'EXPLANATION.

'This symbol also in a more Pythagoric manner advises us to communicate and impart, and prepare others to do so, accustoming them to give and receive without depravity and abundantly; not indeed receiving every thing insatiably and giving nothing. For the physical organization of animals with crooked nails is adapted to receive rapidly and with facility, but by no means to relinquish what they hold, or impart it to others, through the opposition of the nails in consequence of their being crooked; just as the fish called *cranga* are naturally adapted to draw any thing to themselves with celerity, but to relinquish it with difficulty, unless by turning from, we avoid them. But hands indeed were suspended from us by nature, that through them we might both give and receive, and the fingers also

are naturally attached to the hands, straight and not crooked. In things of this kind, therefore, we must not imitate animals with crooked nails, since we are fashioned by our Maker in a different way, but should rather be communicative and impart to each other, being exhorted to a thing of this kind by the fabricators of names themselves, who denominated the right hand more honourable than the left, not only from receiving, but from being capable of imparting. We must act justly therefore, and through this philosophize. For justice is a certain retribution and remuneration equalizing the abounding and deficient by reciprocal gifts.' P. 88.

The following passage also is no mean proof of the creative powers of Jamblichus, who seems, amongst the philosophers, as Origen amongst the fathers, to have been particularly delighted in discovering allegorical allusions.

'SYMBOL 27.

'Cut not your nails at a sacrifice.

'EXPLANATION.

'The exhortation of this symbol pertains to friendship. For of our relations and those allied to us by blood, the nearest of kin are brothers, children, and parents, who resemble those parts of our body which when taken away produce pain and mutilation by no means trifling; such as fingers, hands, ears, nostrils, and the like. But others who are distantly related to us, such as the daughters of cousins, or the sons-in-law of uncles, or others of this kind, resemble those parts of our body from the cutting off of which no pain is produced; such as hair, nails, and the like. The symbol, therefore, wishing to indicate those relations who have been for a time neglected by us through the distance of their alliance, employs the word *nails*, and says, Do not entirely cast off these; but if at sacrifices, or any other time, you have neglected them, draw them to you, and renew your familiarity with them.

'SYMBOL 28.

'Offer not your right hand easily to every one.

'EXPLANATION.

'The meaning of this symbol is, Do not draw up, nor endeavour to raise, by extending your right hand, the unadapted and uninitiated. It also signifies that the right hand is not to be given easily even to those who have for a long time proved themselves worthy of it through disciplines and doctrines, and the participation of continence, the quinquennial silence, and other probationary trials.' P. 105.

The Similitudes of Demophilus have, in our opinion, a much greater claim to attention, than the treatise above-mentioned. The style and manner are not entirely different from that of the book of Proverbs, as will be seen from the following passage.—

'As those who sail in fair weather are wont to have things prepared against a storm, so also those who are wise in prosperity, should prepare things necessary for their assistance against adversity.

'Garments that are made clean and bright become soiled again by use; but the soul being once purified from ignorance, remains splendid for ever.

'Fugitive slaves, although they are not pursued, are affrighted; but the unwise suffer perturbation, although they have not yet acted badly.

'The wealth of the avaricious, like the sun when it has descended under the earth, delights no living thing.

'The fruits of the earth spring up once a year; but the fruits of friendship at all times.

'It is the business of a musician to harmonize every instrument; but of a well educated man to adapt himself harmoniously to every fortune.' P. 33.

We must confine ourselves to one more extract taken from the Synopsis of the Virtues and Vices.

'INJUSTICE.

'There are three species of injustice, namely, impiety, arrogating more than is due to desert, and insolence. Impiety, indeed, consists in sin towards the gods, or dæmons, or the dead, or parents, or country. But arrogating more than is due to desert is seen in mutual compacts, assuming a reward above what is deserved. And insolence is that through which men prepare for themselves pleasures, which lead others into disgrace. Whence Evenus observes on that subject,

"Although these things afford no gain,
They are howe'er unjust."

'It is the property also of injustice to transgress the customs and legal institutions of one's country; to disobey laws and magistrates; to lie; to swear falsely; and to violate the laws of society and good faith. Sycophancy, boasting, pretended philanthropy, malignity, and craftiness, are also the attendants on injustice.

'ILLIBERALITY.

'There are three species of illiberality, namely, base gain, parsimony, and sordidness. Base gain is that by which men seek to gain from all quarters, and are very solicitous to acquire it even at the expense of shame. Parsimony is that by which the expenditure of riches is spared in what is becoming. And sordidness is that by which men incur expense indeed, but a little, and that badly; and more in things noxious, in which no distinction is paid to opportunity. But it is the property of illiberality to be very solicitous about the acquisition of riches, and to think nothing disgraceful that can contribute to gain: also to lead a mercenary, servile, and sordid life, foreign from ambition and liberality. But trifling conversation, surliness, pusillanimity, humility, immoderation, ignobility, and misanthropy, are the concomitants of illiberality.' P. 18.

Mr. Bridgman announces an intention of offering to the public a translation of the Commentary on the Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle, written by Andronicus, surnamed Rhodius. We see nothing in the present work which does not lead us to suppose that it may be worthy of the public patronage. The translation, indeed, now given to the world, seems intended as a prelude to some more important work, and was perhaps published with a view of judging, by its success, what sort of reception the author might expect to obtain in such attempt. We can only express our wishes (for his own sake) that his intentions had been of a nature likely to gain more general attention.

ART. XII.—*Monographia Apum Angliæ; or, an Attempt to divide into their natural Genera and Families, such Species of the Linnæn Genus Apis, as have been discovered in England: with Descriptions and Observations. To which are prefixed some introductory Remarks upon the Class Hymenoptera, and a synoptical Table of the Nomenclature of the external Parts of these Insects. With Plates. By William Kirby, B. A. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. Boards.* White. 1802.

NO authors, in any branch of natural history, are so instructive as monographers. The attention, when concentred to one point, discovers minute distinctions which escape the general inquirer, and ascertains specific differences which may be essentially useful beyond their limited sphere. To establish species, is the first and most important work of the natural historian; and to determine fixed, invariable, specific characters, will always confer on him the highest honour. Our author must introduce his own work.

'Having said this, it may not be improper to give the entomological reader a short sketch of what the author has attempted in this publication. In the first place, in the introductory remarks, and *addenda* to the first volume, he has given some account of the rise, progress, and present state of the class *hymenoptera;* and pointed out such improvements, as he thinks it will admit: he then proceeds to examine what advances the genus of which he proposes to treat has made towards perfection. Under each of these heads he has introduced some strictures upon the system of Fabricius, which the occasion seemed to demand: and here he hopes that the friends and admirers of that celebrated entomologist will do him the justice to believe that he has been actuated solely by a desire to promote the cause of truth, and of his favourite science, which, as he conceives, have suffered very materially by the introduction of that system.

'The work itself begins with a *Tabula synoptica nomenclaturæ partium.* Upon the construction of this the author has bestowed the greatest attention; and he trusts that it will be found nearly, if not altogether, a complete enumeration of the external parts of the in-

sects of which he treats. Their internal anatomy he has passed over, as not entering within the limits of his plan. This table, if he is not greatly mistaken, with a few slight alterations, may be made to agree with all *hymenopterous* insects. In it he has introduced and named several parts unnoticed by Linnæus, and most other writers in entomology. This is followed by an explanation of the terms used in this table, and the following work. Having thus prepared the way, he next points out those characters, which appear to him to distinguish the genus in question; and assigns his reasons for dividing into two genera those insects which by Linnæus were considered as genuine *apes*, subjoining their essential, artificial, and natural characters. With respect to the last, though he varies from the practice, yet he conforms to the precept of Linnæus; and he thinks that Fabricius has rendered no small service to the science of entomology by the introduction of them. Then succeed, what appear to him, after combining anatomy with habit, economy, and affinities, the *natural* families into which these two genera may properly be divided.' Vol. i. P. v.

The author's minute attention has enabled him to ascertain distinguishing specific characters; but a very important part of his labour is the distinction of those characters which arise from sex. In two families, the vespiform bees, the *nomadæ* of Fabricius, and *bombinatrices*, the humble bees, he has been confessedly less successful. We mention these, not to throw any imputation on Mr. Kirby's diligence or sagacity, but to excite the attention of other naturalists. In the latter part of the preface, the author apologises very satisfactorily for his changing, in some instances, the specific names of Linnæus, and offers the reasons which have influenced his own conduct in forming new ones. A very satisfactory list of the writers quoted in this work, follows. We regret only the omission of the later French naturalists, Olivier and Latreille *.

The introductory remarks display an extensive knowledge of entomology, and are of importance in many other parts of the science, beyond the genus which is the direct object of attention. Mr. Kirby commences with a history of the labours of naturalists in the hymenopterous class, previous to Linnæus; and in this, as well as in other parts of the introduction, shows that Fabricius, by forming his genera, &c. from the *instrumenta cibaria*, has rendered the entomologic system strictly artificial, by breaking the natural classes which he allows to exist, and separating those *congeneres* which are closely allied to each other. In this history he does ample justice to our countryman Ray, whose vast comprehensive mind pervaded every part of the kingdoms of nature, and gave more than the outline of an

* We observe Latreille noticed in the additions to the introductory remarks. Mr. Kirby thinks, that, in the genus *apis*, he has improved on Fabricius, whom he generally follows.

excellent system in each department. In the other portions of the history, Mr. Kirby distributes his praise and blame with the most scientific precision, and the strictest impartiality. To Réaumur he allows the honour of having first distinguished the *proabeille* from the *apis*, the foundation of his own improvements. Scopoli, by an unfounded refinement, formed of the *apes* three genera: his *nomada* is designed to include the *proabeille* of Réaumur, though the character is faulty. Fabricius has divided the bees into five genera; but, in forming these, has departed from his own principles of arrangement, taken from the *instrumenta cibaria*.

'From this review of what Fabricius has done in this genus, one is almost led to suppose that he formed his natural characters, "*undique collatis membris*," and took one member from the *proboscis* of an insect of one family, a second from that of another, and so on. If this be the case it is a vain attempt to conjecture from what individuals such jarring definitions were derived.

> ———cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
> Fingentur species: ut nec pes nec caput uni
> Reddatur formæ.———

'It must now, I think, be evident to every unprejudiced examiner, that this author has committed perpetual and unaccountable mistakes in the genus in question. That, in the arrangement of species, instead of abiding by his own characters, in a class of insects in which the *instrumenta cibaria* are very easy to be examined, he has been led solely by habit, or rather *primâ facie* appearance: that he has done the utmost violence to nature, mixing distinct genera and families, and separating those that are most nearly related, even the sexes, placing the males in one genus and the females in another, though both have the same oral instruments *, and instead of order and true system, introducing the greatest confusion and disorder.

'A system so constructed, which is the cause of so much confusion and distortion of nature, can never be lasting; the more closely it is examined, the more deficient will it be found, and probably it will not long survive its author. While that of Linnæus, which Fabricius and his followers have treated with such undeserved contempt, receiving daily those improvements of which it is capable and which it demands, will descend, because founded on the sure basis of truth and nature, to the latest posterity, and, in conjunction with his other glorious labours, immortalize his name to all generations.

'Gmelin has done little more than combine Linnæus with Fabricius, adopting for families, the then new genera of the latter; I shall therefore altogether pass over his character of this genus.' Vol. i. p. 76.

'* The mistake of sexual characters for those of genera or families, is so natural in those who do not examine insects, in this genus, anatomically, that it is not to be wondered at, and may be allowed for. But the case is much altered, when such mistakes are made by one, whose whole system is built upon those parts in which the sexes do agree.'

The first part of this work contains the *termini entomologici* applicable chiefly to the bees, but which may be easily extended to insects in general. We do not wholly approve of arranging the descriptive terms of the wings and feet under *truncus*, though supported by professor Afzelius.

The bees, as we have hinted, are divided into two natural genera in our author's nomenclature—the *melitta* and *apis*. The chief distinction is in the tongue. In the first (the *proabeille* of Réaumur), it is characterised, *lingua apice brevis, porrecta, planiuscula, vaginâ subcylindricâ;* in the apis, *lingua elongata inflexa*. Other distinctions also occur, which render these genera truly natural and distinct.

'That there is an essential distinction between *melitta* and *apis*, the above characters will, I hope, satisfactorily demonstrate to the learned entomologist; especially if he will take the trouble to consider attentively the set of plates belonging to each genus: and though the principal difference lies in the tongue, he will experience but little difficulty in determining to which any particular individual ought to be referred; for the long, inflected, cylindrical, and often subinvolute tongue of a genuine *apis*, is usually very easily examined without the assistance of a lens; all that is necessary in most species is with a pin, when it is concealed by them, to lift up the valvulæ. In some species of *melittæ*, which seem intermediates of the two genera, the apex of these is nearly as long as the base; and as the former are inflected, these might be mistaken for *apes;* but the tongue will not be found inflected under the valvulæ. Indeed, a little practice will enable any one to distinguish the species of each genus, without even this trouble; especially when he becomes conversant with the characters of the several families into which it may be subdivided. I should recommend it strongly to every collector to take the pains to unfold the proboscis of such individuals as he may collect: this is easily done with a pin before the insect stiffens, and it may be made to continue unfolded by being set out, and its various parts separated, by pins or braces of card.

'But though it is so easy to distinguish these two genera from each other, it may not be equally easy to separate them, *melitta* especially, from others. Had I thrown out the two first families of that genus, one of which has a bifid and the other a truncate tongue, all difficulty would have vanished, for the acute tongue of the rest furnishes a peculiar and striking characteristic: but as it was my wish to avoid, as much as possible, all unnecessary multiplication of genera, I was unwilling to do this, especially as these families seem more nearly related to *melitta* in habit than to any other genus. The genera, to which by the form of their tongue they are somewhat approximated, are *crabro* and *philanthus* of Fabricius; but in *crabro* the proboscis is shorter, triangular rather than cylindrical. The valvulæ are more dilated and rounded at the apex, and the palpi are thickest in the middle. The eyes, likewise, in that genus are very large, subtriangular, and by no means lateral. The antennæ are anterior, and of a different form. *Philanthus* may readily be distinguished from those

melittæ which it somewhat resembles in the form of its tongue, by the hairy lateral angles of that organ. Besides, the apex of its valvulæ is not plicate, its body is without hair, and the sides of its abdomen are crenate.

'The only genus, I am at present acquainted with, which, like *apis*, has an inflected proboscis, is *ammophila*; but this is strikingly distinguished by its clavate tongue, bifid at its apex with acute lobes. The apex also of its valvulæ is semisagittate; besides, its general habit will at first sight evince its difference from all *apes*.' Vol. i. p. 121.

The species are divided into families: those of the *melitta* from the tongue, which is either obtuse or acute; and those of the *apis* from the proboscis being *without*, or furnished *with* laciniæ. Mr. Kirby next offers a few observations on each family, commencing with a synopsis of their peculiar characters, and adding an account of their history and œconomy. This part will not admit of abridgement. We would, however, enforce our author's observation respecting the probably good effects of insects in medicine, from their powerfully sensible qualities. The petiolated sphex, for instance, a common insect, breathes an ethereal perfume; the cerambix moschatus that of roses; some of the melittæ the scent of garlic and onions; the staphylinus brunipes the odour of spices, with a stench intolerably fœtid. The use of the cantharides is well known: the ancients employed the scarabæus pilularis as a remedy for quartans. The following account of the nest of the apis centuncularis of Linnæus, the leaf-cutter of Réaumur, is curious. A nest of this kind, once found in France, was supposed to be a magical preparation of dire import, and terrified the village, as well as those to whom it was shown in Paris, till the abbé Nollet explained the mystery.

"The curious specimen you obliged me with yesterday is the workmanship of a small taper bee, velvety or hairy all over, black on the back, and yellow or tawny beneath. Linnæus calls it *centuncularis*, from the patch-work case or coverlit which it makes to lodge its eggs, and future grubs or maggots in: it seems there are two sorts of them; at least as to disposition and economy; that best known bores its fistular passage under ground, and there constructs its cases.

"The cases look like pellets from pop-guns, or small rockets made on a mandril in an hollow tubular mould, ⅞ of an inch long, or near inch; more than inch round. Each end is covered with a circular piece of leaf of the proper size, and is alternately convex and concave; and inosculates so closely that the junction is hardly perceptible. I started a difficulty yesterday, how the first laid egg, after being a maggot, and a chrysalis, and last of all a bee, got out through all the superincumbent houses, whose inhabitants were not yet ready to quit them. But nature is never to be caught at fault, and the lowest and first born passes out through the bottom of its own (lowest) cell, and so escapes without disturbing any of the rest, who are not yet ready to emigrate: when they are, they do the same successively, and pass

on through the empty cases of their predecessors, till they reach daylight; and a long journey the last hatched must have: and if only the mother bee makes the original pipe, considering the quantity you mentioned, how vast is such a little creature's labour.

"After boring the hole, the bee who works in the centre, and consequently may be considered as the mandril, or rather as the paperer, lines the inside of the wooden pipe with rose leaves; and every now and then, at stated distances, finishes her work with a covering, and so proceeds." Vol. i. p. 167.

This part of the work reminds us of one incidental merit of these volumes, which we might have otherwise overlooked—*viz.* the frequent references to Réaumur's History of Insects, which, consisting of separate memoirs, wants greatly the assistance of an index. In these volumes Mr. Kirby has brought together all that relates to bees in Réaumur. We wish he had been equally attentive to Swammerdam. If we recollect rightly, a descriptive index was lately published to the six volumes of Réaumur, scarcely less extensive than the work itself.

The third part, the first of the second volume, contains a synopsis of the species of bees. The fourth, the definitions, the synonyma of authors, the cabinets in which specimens are found; with miscellaneous observations in English. The addition of the cabinets renders this work peculiarly valuable, and the synonyms are numerous; the references minute and correct. From this part we cannot make any particular extract, unless we engaged more deeply in the science of entomology than our limits would admit, or the taste of general readers allow. The following incidental observation of a parasite animal is singularly curious.

'Upon this insect (the *melitta nigro-ænea*, a new species resembling the *apis canicularis* of Linnæus) I discovered, last spring, a very singular animal, which seems appropriated to the present genus. I had previously more than once observed upon other species something that I took to be a kind of acarus, which appeared to be immoveably fixed just at the inosculations of the dorsal segments of the abdomen: at length, finding three or four upon a specimen of *M. nigro-ænea*, I determined not to lose that opportunity of taking one off to examine and describe; but what was my astonishment when upon my attempting to disengage it with a pin, I drew forth from the body of the melitta a white, fleshy larva, a quarter of an inch in length; the head of which I had mistaken for an acarus! How this animal receives its nourishment seems a mystery. Upon examining the head under a strong magnifier I could not discover any mouth or proboscis with which it might perforate the corneous covering of the abdomen, and so support itself by suction. On the under side of the head at its junction with the body there was a concavity; but I could observe nothing in this but a uniform, unbroken surface. As the body of the animal is inserted in the body of the melitta, does that part receive its nutriment from it by absorption? My memory does not furnish me with

any instance of this kind: but have the *vermes intestinales* any mouth?

'After I had examined one specimen I attempted to extract a second, and the reader may imagine how greatly my astonishment was increased, when, after I had drawn it out but a little way, I saw its skin burst, and a head as black as ink, with large staring eyes and antennæ consisting of two branches, break forth, and move itself briskly from side to side. It looked like a little imp of darkness just emerging from the infernal regions. My eagerness to set free from its confinement this extraordinary animal may be easily conjectured. Indeed I was impatient to become better acquainted with so singular a creature. When it was completely disengaged, and I had secured it from making its escape, I set myself to examine it as accurately as possible; and I found, after a careful inquiry, that I had not only got a non-descript, but also an insect of a new genus, whose very class seemed dubious. From its mode of life it ought to belong to the Linnæan genus ichneumon in the hymenoptera; but it has neither stemmata, nor four wings, and its palpi are not at all similar to those of the insects of that class. From its elytra, (which, however, are placed in a very extraordinary situation, being fixed to the sides of the thorax) it ought to be a coleopterous insect; but it seems to possess but little of the general habit and character of that class; perhaps it had better be considered as hemipterous; but till an opportunity occurs of examining more specimens it would be rash to speak too positively upon this head.' Vol. ii. p. 110.

Many new species occur in this system. Eighty-one new species of melitta are described, of which twelve, however, are doubtful, and perhaps have before been noticed. Sixty-four new species of apis are also described; but of these twenty-one are introduced with marks of hesitation. A parasite insect, the stylops melitta, is new, as is probably the ichneumon femorator: the pediculus melittæ, and the acarus apum, are doubtful. The trivial names are generally descriptive: we wish they had always been so; but these are not easily, in every instance, formed; though, in some of the species, distinguished by the name of an entomologist, we think descriptive appellations might have been found. Mr. Kirby uses diminutives for his specific terms, which are euphonous and pleasing.

The plates in the first volume are rude, though characteristic etchings of the antennæ, &c. of bees, generally magnified. The four plates of the second volume contain accurate and coloured representations of about thirty species, chiefly for the purpose of pointing out the distinctions of male and female. These often differ so much, that, in many systems, they have been accounted different species.

ART. XIII.—*Description and Treatment of Cutaneous Disorders. Order II. Scaly Diseases of the Skin. By Robert Willan, M.D. &c.* 4*to.* 1*l.* 4*s. sewed.* Johnson.

WE have waited in expectation of another fasciculus of this work, to introduce, at one time, a larger portion of it to the public; but we have hitherto waited in vain, and must no longer delay noticing the second order of cutaneous diseases, now before us.

In our review of the first number, in the twenty-fourth volume of our second series, p. 53, we considered the work in general, and gave the titles of our author's orders. Though exact and comprehensive, they are not, perhaps, arranged with a sufficient attention to the rules of system. Were it to be altered, we recommend the following order, as rising from spots without any protuberance, to the most prominent eruptions known: viz., 'spots,' 'rashes,' 'pimples,' 'vesicles,' 'pustules,' 'scales,' and 'tubercles.' At present, pimples form the first order; and scales, the subject of the present number, follow.

Of 'scales' there are four genera; the lepra (leprosy of the Greeks), psoriasis (dry or scaly tetter), pityriasis (dandriff), ichthyosis (fish skin). These diseases seem to appertain to the cuticle; but they are rather, in Dr. Willan's opinion, indurated papulæ, or elevations of the true skin. Indeed, whatever presses on the cuticle from below, or externally, occasions it to thicken, and produce more numerous layers. The lepra consists of scaly patches of different sizes, affecting a circular form. The species are, L. Græcorum, white orbicular or oval patches, covered with dry scales, surrounded by a red border; L. alphos, smaller scaly patches, border raised, with a depression in the centre; L. nigricans, orbicular patches of a dark colour, without any central depression. The following observations on the L. Græcorum merit attention.

'1. The scaly patches constituting it are generally situated where the bone is nearest to the surface, as, along the shin, about the elbow, and upon the ulna in the fore-arm; on the scalp, and along the spine, os ilium, and shoulder-blades. They rarely appear on the calf of the leg, on the fleshy part of the arm and thigh, or within the flexures of the joints.

'2. The lepra almost constantly affects both sides, appearing at each elbow or at each knee about the same time, and extending from thence along the limbs in a similar manner.

'3. Though fresh patches arise, from time to time, in different situations, there is no alteration in the state of the parts first affected, as happens in some other cutaneous diseases. Notwithstanding, when the complaint is about to terminate, all the patches assume a favourable appearance about the same time, those nearest the extremities going off somewhat later than the rest.

'4. The incrustation of the scalp encroaches a little on the forehead and temples; but I have never yet observed any of the scaly patches on the cheeks or chin, on the nose, or near the eye-brows.

'5. When the extremities, back, loins, and head, are all at the same time covered with dry crusts, it might be expected that the obstruction of the perspiration on so large a surface should produce disagreeable consequences, which, however, is not found to be the case.' P. 117.

The Arabian physicians, it is observed, apply the term lepra to the elephantiasis of the Greeks; and Celsus confounds the lepra under the general term impetigo: but Celsus was no practitioner. Ancient and modern authors use the term without sufficient precision; and even Dr. Mead confounds lepra with leucè, though carefully distinguished by Greek physicians. Our author thinks it not contagious; and supposes the establishments for lepers, to separate them from those in health, to be really designed for the miserable objects affected with elephantiasis. The causes are dirtiness; and Dr. Willan thinks that he has particularly observed it in those who work among dry powdery substances.

The L. alphos generally affects the extremities, seldom the trunk, and never the face. The small hairs of the skin are not destroyed, so that its seat is not deep. It is almost a disease of the cuticle; and is the white alphos of the ancients, confounded often with the leucè. The L. nigricans affects those exposed to cold, fatigue, &c.; and scarcely differs from the first species, but in colour, arising from a slight effusion of blood.

The cure of lepra is very uncertain and difficult. The sulphur and the Bath waters seem to have been useful; and a sea bath is said to be a certain auxiliary.

'For the lepra, when confirmed and inveterate, a variety of internal remedies has been employed, or recommended by medical writers, respecting some of which I have had occasion to remark;

'1st, That antimonials, sulphur, and nitre, have not alone any considerable efficacy.

'2dly, That decoctions of emollient herbs, of guaiacum-wood, sarsaparilla, mezereon, or of elm-bark, which have been recommended as specifics, by no means deserve that character.

'3dly, That calomel, hydrargyrus calcinatus, pilulæ hydrargyri, or mercurial frictions, applied so as to produce salivation, do not remove the disease. The only preparation of this mineral which makes any impression on the lepra, is the sublimate or hydrargyrus muriatus. The spirituous solution of it in small doses, continued for a length of time, will be found very useful; and its operation is promoted by giving at the same time an antimonial, and some of the decoctions above mentioned.

'4thly, That the nitrous and marine acids, lately recommended in obstinate cutaneous eruptions, have been given in the lepra

during three or four successive months, without any manifest advantage. I have often, however, experienced the most beneficial effects in this disease from a medicine of an opposite quality, the caustic alcali, or aqua kali puri of the dispensatory. The dose of it is about thirty drops, which may be given thrice a day, in a cupful of any mild fluid.' p. 139.

In general, we have found the mercury and antimony, as in Plummer's pills, highly serviceable; and we suspect the oxygenated salts may be useful---oxygenated ointments are evidently so; and, internally, we have perceived some good effects from the former. Dr. Crichton seems to have found the dulcamara, in decoction, beneficial. The use of the tincture of cantharides should, we suspect, be confined to the most tettery eruptions of old persons.

The second genus is the psoriasis, or the scaly tetter, the scaly psora of some authors, separated, under the present appellation, from the pustular psora. It is distinguished from the lepra by the irregularity of the patches, their different form, and their being attended with fissures of the skin; by its ceasing and recurring at different seasons, usually returning with some disorder of the constitution. The species are chiefly distinguished by the form and the seat of the eruption, and are P. guttata, diffusa, gyrata, palmaria, scrotalis, and labialis. The P. infantilis and inveterata are, perhaps, varieties alone.

The different species are next described. Varieties of the P. diffusa affect bakers and washerwomen. In the former, Dr. Willan thinks that the disease is only aggravated by the business; but we suspect it to be owing to the meal, which powerfully absorbs moisture. It disappears in summer, as then the perspiration counteracts the cause; and the complaint does not immediately cease on discontinuing the business, because the whole cuticle must be changed before its aridity is corrected. The P. palmaria affects shoemakers, braziers, tinmen, and silversmiths. In the three latter we suspect some poison introduced, as the soles of the feet and the prepuce are occasionally injured. This, as well as the P. labialis and scrotalis, should be carefully distinguished from the effects of the venereal disease.

'The venereal disease rarely assumes the form of the psoriasis diffusa. Such an appearance does, however, sometimes occur, but it is perhaps usually constituted by an enlargement or confluence of the patches in the syphilitic form of the lepra, or psoriasis guttata, when their progress has not been interrupted by a medicinal plan. I have never yet seen any eruption like the alphos in venereal cases: but these often exhibit larger, scaly circles, resembling the patches in the lepra vulgaris or nigricans. With the latter species the venereal lepra agrees in respect to its colour, but it differs from both in not having a hard, scaly rim around the

patches, and in never having these covered with thick incrustations. The dryness and harshness of the skin, so remarkable in the alphos, and lepra vulgaris, do not take place in the venereal lepra, the patches of which are as soft and pliable as other parts of the cuticle, when the disease is somewhat advanced.' P. 161.

The P. infantilis, when it attacks the nates, sometimes assumes the appearance of syphilis. This, in children, is a violent and serious disease, approaching, in many of its symptoms, to elephantiasis. The P. inveterata is also a very violent complaint, of a similar nature, but more nearly resembling lepra. Sometimes these diseases alternate with gout; occasionally with mania. Both lepra and psoriasis are said, by Dr. Falconer, to be often owing to exposure of the body to cold after having been heated, or to drinking cold liquors in the same state. We have occasionally traced it to the partial application of cold, in similar circumstances.

In the treatment, mercury is said to be injurious. We will add the plan recommended by our author.

'The three first species of psoriasis, when they appear in a sudden eruption attended with febrile symptoms, may be advantageously treated by administering in the evening an emetic dose of ipecacuanha, and the following day two or three grains of calomel, or some other gentle purgative: afterwards, by the use of fixed alcali, either in its concrete or liquid form, by a light moderate diet, by frequently washing with tepid water, and by abstinence from fruits, acids and fermented liquors, the above disorders may be brought to a conclusion within two or three weeks. But should the scaly patches, through neglect at their first appearance, or from an unhealthy state of the constitution, have enlarged considerably, and spread over the greater part of the body, a more elaborate plan will be necessary. This consists of the free use of antimonials, of the warm bath, with repeated friction, and of the mineral waters formerly mentioned. The decoctions of elm bark, sarsaparilla, dulcamara, &c. have also their share of utility.

'The psoriasis inveterata requires the same plan of treatment as the lepra vulgaris, and alphos. A portion of mezereon root forms an active ingredient in the decoctions employed for the cure of these disorders. I think it right to notice an observation respecting its use, made by a medical friend. When the patches of the lepra, or scaly tetter, are about to disappear, a cuticle of proper texture is in general formed at their centres, and gradually extends from thence toward the borders, till all the scaliness be removed; but if the mezereon have been employed, its curative effects are manifested either by softening the whole scaly patch at once, or by restoring the cuticle from the circumference toward the centre.' P. 185.

Pityriasis consists of a collection of small thin scales, without redness or inflammation. The scales are a furfuraceous substance, and leave no soreness when removed. Its species

are P. capitis from its seat, and P. versicolor from its appearance. The latter usually attacks the trunk. The maculæ hepaticæ of Solander and Sennertus are of this kind; but the spots without scales must be excluded. Its causes and remedies are equally uncertain; and, indeed, it can scarcely be called a disease.

The ichthyosis should not, perhaps, have been the name of a genus, as it has been applied, by nosologists, to a variety of lepra, where the scales are imbricated. It is designed, in this place, to establish a genus, characterised as 'a permanently harsh, dry, scaly, and, in some places, almost horny texture of the integuments,' without fever.

'The arrangement and distribution of the scales in ichthyosis are peculiar. Above and below the olecranon on the arm, and in a similar situation with respect to the patella on the thigh and leg, they are small, rounded, prominent, or papillary, and of a black colour. Some of the scaly papillæ have a short, narrow neck, and broad, irregular tops. On some parts of the extremities, and on the trunk of the body, the scales are flat and large, often placed like tiling, or in the same order as scales on the back of a fish; but in a few cases they have appeared separate, being intersected by whitish furrows. There is usually in this complaint a dryness, and roughness of the soles of the feet; sometimes a thickened, and brittle state of the skin in the palms of the hands, with large painful fissures, and on the face an appearance of scurf rather than of scales. The inner part of the wrists, the hams, the inside of the elbow, the furrow along the spine, the inner and upper part of the thighs, are perhaps the only portions of the skin always exempt from the scaliness. Patients affected with ichthyosis are occasionally much harassed with inflamed pustules (Phlyzacia, Def. 10. 1.) or with large, painful boils on different parts of the body: it is also remarkable that they never seem to have the least perspiration or moisture of the skin.' P. 197.

It does not seem to be hereditary: and the only cure mentioned, is picking out the scales, while the part is immersed in warm water, with frequent bathing, and friction afterwards. Our author does not mention the use of mercury, which, we recollect, was employed with success in one of the cases whose symptoms are detailed in this volume.

The plates of this fasciculus are thirteen in number, executed with great skill and accuracy. They are coloured evidently on the plate, not by a subsequent operation; and this gives the full force to the appearances, without the disguise of daubing, and the irregular thickness of colour laid on. In this way are finished some of the plates in an excellent work, which we mean to notice in our next Appendix, 'The Annals of the National Museum:' and plates of this kind form a striking contrast with those afterwards coloured, unless the execution of the latter be particularly delicate and exact.

ART. XIV.—*Daphnis and Chloe, a pastoral Novel, now first selectly translated into English from the original Greek of Longus.* 12*mo.* 4*s. Boards.* Vernor *and* Hood. 1803.

THE pastoral of Longus, which by some writers has been called a poem, while, by others, the author has received the appellation of a sophist, is one of the erotics (the love-poems) of which antiquity has left us only a few specimens; none of an early date. The age of Longus is not known. Heliodorus is said to have imitated him; but, who was the prototype, has not been determined; and, fortunately, (for the dispute would be an idle one) there is little room, from the want of facts, to contest either point. From the simplicity of the language and manners, we should suspect the Pastorals to be of an earlier æra than the Æthiopics: the story too is less artfully constructed; there are few traces of refinement in any part of it; and the machinery is not conducted with skill. The translator seems to acquiesce in the common opinion, that it is a work of the sixth century; yet it may, with equal probability, belong to the second, third, fourth, or fifth.

The first edition of Longus was published at Florence in Greek, by Columbianus, from a manuscript in the library of Aloysius Allemannus, at Florence, in 4to. It was soon translated into French by Amiot, the translator of Lucian, *viz.* in 1559; and, into English, by George Thornley, in 1657. An Italian version is mentioned by Annibal Caro; but was, we believe, never published. A translation into Latin verse was attempted, soon after the publication of the first edition, *viz.* in 1569, by Gambara; but with such licentious freedom, that the original is lost in the additions and mutilations. It is this version, however, which has misled Moreri and others, so as to induce them to assert that the Pastoralia were written in verse.

We have engaged in this disquisition, since the author seems not to be aware that Longus has ever appeared in an English dress. Indeed the version of Thornley is little known; and, as he professes to have seen only the edition of Villoison, he is perhaps less acquainted with the ancient history of the Pastorals. In effect, his object was to translate '*selectly;*' and minuter criticism was, of course, unnecessary. The dedication to 'Robert Bloomfield' begins in the following manner:

'Sir, this translation was first suggested by the perusal of your Farmer's Boy, the beauties of which were still fresh in my mind, when I accidentally met with the following work of Longus. In this pastoral novel, as in your poem, rural employments and rural amusements form the basis of the story, and the plan of it, like yours, is regulated by the succession of the seasons.

'And as revolving seasons changed the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Through every change still varied their employ,
Yet each new duty brought it's share of joy.
Farmer's Boy. Spring, l. 33.

'The striking similarity in these particulars led me to think that a translation, which would give you and many of your admirers an opportunity of perusing a tale, which was written, at least, twelve hundred years ago, and which is founded on the occupations of a farmer's boy and a farmer's maid, might be a source of pleasure to yourself, and, perhaps, to the public.

'The similarity, however, of the two productions is confined merely to the outline, and the resemblance can be traced no farther than as to the pastoral nature of the subjects. The habits and manners of Daphnis and Chloe are as different from those of Giles, as the climate of Lesbos is from that of England, and, independent of the difference, which naturally exists between poetry and prose, the character of your style, sir, is so widely distinct from that of the Greek novelist, that there is no possibility of drawing a parallel between them.' P. v.

It is true, the pastoral nature of the subject is the only connecting point; but, when this is examined, the point becomes a mathematical one, or is lost. The shepherdess, found in a cave, sucking an ewe, crowned with garlands, carried off by pirates, rescued by Pan, who raises a storm and a host of invisible enemies, which induce the robbers to restore Chloe and the plunder, has little reference to the simple unadorned narrative of Bloomfield. Longus is rather of the Gesner school, or the latter an imitator of the former; and, had his translation been offered to the manes of Gesner, with a view of showing that similar idylls had been written twelve hundred years ago, it would have been more consistent.

Longus has been blamed for indecency. 'Cum puer essem,' says the bishop of Avranches, 'Longum Latine interpretandum suscepi, cum nondum haberem exploratum quid in eo laudabile esset, quid vitiosum, et quantum ejus lectio pueritiæ damnosa sit, quam parum etiam ætati provectiori decora.' When I was a boy, I undertook to translate Longus into Latin, while I was still ignorant what was praise-worthy or what was faulty in the work; and how injurious the perusal of it would be to youth, how unseemly even to more advanced age.'

This judgement has been repeated by successive authors; and it is raised by the translator into sensuality—an imputation for which we see not the slightest foundation. It were easy to show, that Huet had never read Longus; and Bayle, with his host of copyists, has misrepresented in it a variety of passages to support the charge. To confute it, we shall only observe, that our translator, whose delicacy is considerable and commendable,

has fairly translated one of the passages which is apparently the grossest in the list of accusations. It is perfectly innocent. In fact, notwithstanding the indecorum which Huet so warmly holds up to vengeance, we have again looked over the work, and see very little to reprehend. The whole, with a slight softening, might have been translated. The innocent simplicity of primitive ages is represented; when the maid, knowing no ill, apprehended none: 'they were naked, and were not ashamed.' We are confident, that in a single page of the New Eloisa there is more sensuality than in the whole of Longus. Fielding, in many of his novels, has exceeded the indelicacy of the conclusion, which, however, the translator has properly suppressed. As he promises the translation of the Æthiopics, we may, perhaps with advantage, inform him, that a good translation was published in 1789, in two volumes 12mo, by Payne, and noticed soon afterwards in this journal: in that article we mentioned the former versions, with a short examination of their respective merits *.

Of the style of Longus we have had few opinions. Ruhnkenius speaks of its native and beautiful simplicity. It is certainly peculiarly neat and expressive: the style of that state of society which he describes. It excites no sensual passions, but may be read with the same purity as we contemplate an ancient statue. The translator has succeeded in reflecting a faithful copy of the sentiments and manner of the original, except where, tremblingly alive, he felt that the narrative was improper for the public eye. It may indeed be remarked, that in all the ancient novels, the ladies are a little too forward, and too warm in their expressions of attachment; yet we shall not hesitate in copying from a part, which has occasioned the censures before alluded to. The translation is almost literal: the grossness is in the commentary of the critic, which we shall *not* copy †.

'It was now the end of spring; the summer had begun, and all things were in the height of their beauty. The trees were covered with fruit; the fields with corn. Charming was the chirp of the grasshoppers: sweet was the smell of the fruit; and the bleating of the flocks was delightful. You could fancy that the rivers were singing, as they flowed along, and that the winds were piping, as they breathed through the pines. The apples fell to the ground, as if eager to be gathered by the passing lover. Every superfluous garment was thrown aside, and the sun looked forth as if desirous of gazing at the charms, which were exposed to his

* May we venture to recommend Achilles Tatius to his notice?

†We were struck with one passage, καὶ, ὥσπερ τὸ νέον μέλι, μαίνεσθαι ποιεῖ, "and, like new honey, produces delirium." In noticing the American Philosophical Transactions, we found it necessary to enlarge on the occasional deleterious property of honey, which we then attributed to its newness.

rays. Daphnis felt all the warmth of the season, and plunged into the rivers: sometimes he only bathed himself; sometimes he amused himself with pursuing the fish, which played in circles around him; and sometimes he drank of the stream, as if to extinguish the flame which he felt within.—Chloe, when she had milked the goats and the sheep, had great difficulty in making the butter; for the gnats were very troublesome, and, if she flapped them away, they bit her.—However, after her work was done, she washed her face, crowned herself with a garland of pine-leaves, put on her girdle of fawn-skin, and filled a milk-pail with wine and milk as a beverage for herself and Daphnis.

'When Daphnis beheld Chloe in her fawn-skin girdle and with the garland of pine-leaves on her head holding out the milk-pail to him, he fancied that he beheld one of the nymphs of the grot, and taking the garland from her head, he placed it on his own; while she adjusted part of his dress, which he had put on hastily after bathing. Now they began in sport to pelt each other with apples, and now they amused themselves with adorning each other's hair, which they braided in various forms. She compared the black hair of Daphnis to myrtle-berries; while he likened her cheeks to apples, where the white is suffused with red. He then taught her to play on the pipe:—when she began to breathe into it, he snatched it from her, pressed the reeds to his lips, and under pretence of teaching her and rectifying her errors, he made the pipe a conductor for his kisses.

'While he was thus amusing her in the heat of noon-day, with their flocks around them reposing in the shade, Chloe imperceptibly fell asleep. Daphnis laid down his pipe, and while he gazed on her charms, he thus sighed to himself: "What eyes are those, which are now closed in sleep! what a mouth is that, which breathes so sweetly! no apples or wild flowers have so sweet a scent! ah! but I fear to kiss it! a kiss consumes me, and, like new honey, drives me mad! Besides—a kiss would awake her!—Ye chattering grasshoppers, if ye chirp so loud, ye will disturb my Chloe! those vexatious goats are fighting with their horns: surely the wolves are grown more timid than foxes, that they do not come and seize them!"

'His soliloquy was interrupted by a grasshopper, which, in springing from a swallow that pursued it, fell into Chloe's bosom. The swallow hovered over Chloe's cheek and fluttered its wings. The damsel screamed and started: but seeing the swallow still fluttering near her, and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, her fear vanished, and she rubbed her eyes which were still disposed to sleep. The grasshopper chirped from her bosom, as if in gratitude for his deliverance. Chloe screamed again; when Daphnis laughed, and took the little chatterer from his hiding-place. It still kept chirping in his hand: Chloe was pleased at seeing the innocent cause of her alarm, kissed it, and put it in her bosom again.' P. 46.

There is much pleasantry in the notes, and we ought not to overlook them. We mean not to say that they are pleasant only; for they offer all the little information respecting

Longus that can be obtained, and all the little criticism which his labours seem to require. We shall select a specimen without much choice.

'[Under the threshing machine.] This threshing machine was called the *tribulum*, and seems to have resembled the *trillo* which is now used in Spain, and of which there is a picture and a description in Townsend's Travels. "The *trillo* is five feet long, two feet three inches wide, and two inches thick. In the under surface are driven two hundred rough flints. The horse draws it over the floor, on which the corn is spread, and the driver rides upon it." The flints seem to be a modern addition: formerly any sharp-pointed things, which could most easily be procured, were used, such as thorns, thistles, and brambles; and from *tribulus* (a thistle) the name of the machine was derived. I have translated the verb "pressed under." Villoison translates it "*comminuebat;*" this surely is not the precise meaning. The Greek verb means "pressed down or against;" and if Nape rode on the machine, the propriety of the expression is evident. I tremble at etymology, or I would hazard a conjecture that the word *trillo* is derived from *tribulum*. I tremble at etymology, as it is too often an *ignis fatuus* to the soundest judgment, or a learned friend of mine would never have derived Jeremiah King from Cucumber—Jeremiah King—Jerry King—Jer King—Girkin—Cucumber, a mode of derivation, which I cannot help thinking very forced.' P. 260.

ART. XV.—*Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope; to which is subjoined, a Journey from Cape Town to Blettenberg's Bay. By Robert Semple.* 8*vo.* 3*s.* 6*d. sewed.* C. *and* R. Baldwin. 1803.

WE always receive with pleasure these more familiar representations of scenes and objects remote from common visitants, distinguished by features of a peculiar and uncommon mould. The extremity of Africa is, in many views, an object of interest and importance—a spot isolated by sea, and deserts even more inhospitable; a stepping-stone from the luxurious claims of one quarter of the world to the means of gratifying them by the riches which nature offers in another.—We have had many descriptions of this country from travelers of different characters—from the dull fidelity of Kolben to the suspicious luxuriance of Vaillant. Our present author, more lively than the former, does not, however, approach the spirit and animation of the latter. He is sometimes warmed into eloquence and fire, but the spirit is soon exhausted.

This remote point offers no regular features. Nature seems to have scattered her rude or her sublime objects with little care; and though in general the mountains project towards the sea from the north, yet at no great distance eastward, the di-

rection is different; and the valleys, as well as hills, run to the east. Some flatter spots show that the sea had once encroached on these regions; yet there are few marks of volcanic resistance to its depredations: the hills are chiefly granitic.

We pass over the Shandean preface, which is somewhat misplaced: it is a light and unsuitable portico to a building of a different description. We pass, also, the description of Cape Town, and what may be termed its civil history. Table Mountain has been ascended and described by other travelers; yet we shall hence select a specimen of the descriptive talents of the author. It is more animated and characteristic than the delineations of his predecessors.

'Already the eastern horizon was marked by a body of pure white light, which seemed to break from behind the dark hills of Hottentot Holland, and spread itself on all sides. The waning moon seemed gradually to be absorbed, and every moment shone fainter and fainter. The stars in the west still sparkled brightly, but those in the zenith and to the eastward shared the fate of the queen of night, and were, with her, gradually lost in the mild splendour of dawning day. By degrees the light shot up towards the zenith, and there melted into pale blue. The dark mountains of Hottentot Holland, whose craggy outlines were now clearly distinguishable, bounded the view to the east, but far below our feet to the westward the sea spread out its vast watery floor, over which the mists of night still rolled, and collecting into great clouds, seemed to linger in the extreme boundaries of the west. Moving our eyes round towards the north, and still looking downwards, beneath us lay the town, with its gardens, its terraces, and white flat-roofed houses; the Table Bay, with a surface smooth and unruffled by the slightest breeze, bearing on its glassy bosom numerous vessels of every nation, riding together peaceably at anchor. On the opposite side of the Bay, the high hills, somewhat inland, presented their tops covered with snow, and continuing to move ourselves slowly round, we observed in succession, once more the dark mountains of Hottentot Holland: the flat sandy space between the Table and False Bays; the False Bay opening outwards to the Indian ocean; the mountainous south-eastern peninsula of Africa, on whose highest pinnacle we seemed to stand, stretching from north-west to south-east, and presenting a broken scene of mountains, precipices, and chasms. Beyond it appeared the Indian Ocean, now faintly enlightened by the beams of the morning, and round again nothing but sea, sea, sea, till we once more came to the Lion Hills, the town with its white houses, Table Bay with its numerous vessels, and a little farther out Roben Island, in the mouth of the Bay.

'To this outline might be added some little particulars: the vulture rising from his aerie amongst the rocks, and soaring above our heads till lost to our sight.—The buzzard sailing in mid-air with out-stretched wing, and steering towards its distant prey.—The faint roar of the water breaking along the rocky coast, scarcely heard so high: the refreshing coolness of the morning air: and

lastly, two young friends standing on the summit of a craggy rock, forming the centre of this great circle, with minds not incapable of perceiving its magnificence, and hearts not cold enough to perceive it with insensibility.' P. 66.

The following are some of our author's geological observations.

'First. The flatness and sandy nature of the ground which separates the two bays seemed clearly to indicate that they had been formerly united; in which case the present peninsula of the Cape must have formed an island separated from the main continent of Africa by a strait of from ten to fifteen miles in breadth.

'Secondly. The strait must have been shallow; for had the water been deep and the current consequently strong, the middle part of the channel could not have been filled up as it now appears, by the deposits of the ocean and the soil washed down from the hills.

'Thirdly. The steepness of the ranges of great mountains appeared to have arisen from some sudden sinking or washing away of the intermediate soil, and not by the gradual retreat of the sea. For if it be owing to this latter cause, why has it stopped at a certain point and left any soil between the two bays? And why, where the mountains bordering upon the sea are lofty, is the depth of water close in upon the shore likewise in proportion? Let us study those mountains whose steep bases are still covered with water, and say what gradual corrosion, what lapse of ages hath worn away such huge masses of stone to a depth where the plummet of man, in many instances, hath never yet reached?

'Fourthly. At the bases of many of those great or primary ranges of mountains we noticed smaller hills running in nearly a similar direction, but totally different in shape, being of no great height, rounded off into regular forms, and covered with vegetation; whereas the first were steep, lofty, craggy from half way up to their summits, and irregular in their appearance.

'And lastly, We observed that the direction of the hills of the two bays, and in general of all the great ranges of mountains in this part of Africa was from north-north-west, to south-south-east.' P. 87.

The journey to Blettenberg's Bay is peculiarly interesting, as the scenes are in many respects new. The adventures of our travelers in the woods, where they designed to hunt the buffalo, and their danger from the elephants, are well narrated. We find nothing, however, that we can with propriety select, except the description of the Bay, with which we shall conclude.

'In an hour we reached a large plain, gently sloping towards the sea, and having got clear of the woods, saw Blettenberg's Bay for the first time. The chain of mountains, at the foot of which we had travelled for so many days, seemed here to unite with another more extensive range, and which crossed it in an oblique direction, and stretching away out into the sea formed the south-east side of

the Bay. To the northward some shelter is afforded by a ridge of high rocks which run out directly into the sea, and form the only part where vessels can ride with any safety during a gale. This security however is very small. The Bay is perfectly open to the sea, and when the wind blows fresh, a tremendous swell rolls in, and breaks mountains high at a considerable distance off shore. In other points of view, this Bay presents nothing but what is grand. There is not an iota of little in its whole composition. The outline is defined without being limited: all is simple and majestic; no little minutiæ to divert the attention. One range of mountains —one bold sweep of shore. One ridge of stupendous rocks. Nature has sketched the outline with two or three dashes of her sublime pencil, and placed the wide ocean as a boundary to the view.' P. 136.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

POLITICS.

ART. 16.—*Letters on the Importance of the present War. By Allan Macleod. Letters I and II.* 8*vo.* 1*s. each.* Vernor *and* Hood.

Mr. Macleod contends for the necessity and importance of the present war; and who is there that will not readily agree with him that it is both necessary and important? Mr. Macleod commits his sentiments on this subject to writing; and who is there that will venture to say he understands them? It is hardly possible to produce, from *any* English composition, a more ridiculous specimen of fustian and bombast.

'In this crisis of the affairs of the world, to be inactive with power of exertion, silent with power of speech, inactive and silent, possessing in any degree faculties of usefulness, is to be guilty of treason against mankind. Never, in the progress of empires, has the invitation been so urgent for the display, in its vigor, of zeal in the cause of freedom. British freedom, that more interesting portion of the freedom of the universe, menaced with extinction by the tyrant, within the scope of this cosmopolitan denomination, most the object of British anxiety, is most the source of general patriotism, justly the object of the reverence of nations, the fountain and the sustainer of all estimable honour, and of all worthy pride. As a Briton, I am to be pardoned, then, if I speak of British freedom with that enthusiasm which the love of freedom inspires.

'British liberty is the glory of human prowess, valour, and fortitude. British enterprize, wresting from fanaticism the sword, at the moment when, not resisted, she would have bent man under the yoke,

acquired for Britons this liberty: Britons will maintain it in its plenitude against Britain's foe.' Letter i. p. 3.

ART. 17.—*Honour or Infamy! A Letter to the Army, Navy, and the People of England, on the dread Alternative, the eventful Choice, Invade, or be invaded. By Publicola.* 8vo. 1*s.* Jordan *and* Maxwell. 1804.

Publicola is of opinion that we shall wait a long while for Bonaparte's invading us, and that therefore we had better cry *whoop*, and invade France; not considering what we lost by our continental experiments, in this way, last war.

'Let Britain but plant a hundred thousand of her chosen troops upon the heaths of Hanover, and the wonderful stories of Cadmean armies would no longer appear fabulous; for, instantly would rise a million of brave warriors, each equally determined, not only to rescue the sovereign princes from the disgraceful thraldom they have so long endured, and replace them in the dignified stations they were wont to enjoy; but to reduce the limits of France to those ancient and essential boundaries which justice, as well as policy, now so imperiously demand.' p. 29.

ART. 18.—*The salutary Effects of Vigour; exemplified in the Operation of the Nottingham Act, passed in the last Session of Parliament: being a Sequel to 'Thoughts on the late general Election, as demonstrative of the Progress of Jacobinism.' By John Bowles, Esq.* 8vo. 6*d.* Rivingtons. 1804.

This pamphlet contains eight pages of letter-press only, and is intended, as it seems by the folios, to be tacked to Mr. Bowles's former production.

ART. 19.—*Letter to Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. on the Folly, the Indecency, and the dangerous Tendency, of his public Conduct. By the Rev. Edward Hankin, M. A. M. D.* 8vo. 2*s.* Rivingtons. 1804.

Sir Francis Burdett's speeches, both on the 18th and the 29th of July, were highly reprehensible: but that circumstance by no means vindicates the asperity of this letter. Mr. Hankin thirsts so extremely for the punishment of this gentleman, that his language is hardly decent towards the legislature for leaving him at large. It is a pity that clergymen do not govern their passions a little more, to show the world that they are the disciples of Him, 'in whose mouth was no reproach.' We highly approve the speech penned by our author, and recommended by him to sir Francis; and we are also satisfied that the nation at large would have thought better of the reputation of the latter, had his speech resembled that before us. Of Mr. Hankin's ministerial sagacity we cannot, however, say much: he must be a sturdy partisan, indeed, if he be not now convinced that it is not alone the *Moniteur* and the baronet who call in question the ability of Mr. Addington's administration.

RELIGION.

ART. 20.—*A Sermon preparatory to the due Observance of Good-Friday; containing a Summary of the Christian Doctrine upon the Subject of that Day. By W. Gilbank, M. A. &c.* 4to. 2s. Rivingtons. 1804.

'It would be the extreme of arrogance in the author to imagine, that upon a subject so intimately connected with the most important interests of mankind, and of course so studied and descanted upon, any thing perfectly new, however so to himself, should be found in these pages; yet is it of great use to the generality of Christians, who are extremely apt to become lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, to have at divers times and in divers manners the glad tydings of the Gospel on any essential article presented to their recollection. —If then it has occurred to him, thinking as he is in duty bound for himself and others, to put his sentiments upon the present subject in such a point of view as to meet the apprehension and secure the conviction of any doubting or careless Christian, he must think his pains well bestowed, and the talent committed to his charge not unprofitably laid out.' p. 5.

The author talks about *demonstrating* the existence of God and the necessity of man's redemption, from the *reasonableness* of the thing; without, perhaps, sufficiently considering that the bare reason of man has not natural strength enough to be employed in such lofty speculations. This sermon of Mr. Gilbank will not establish the faith of any of its readers; but it is no reflexion on this gentleman's abilities to have failed in that which many abler metaphysicians have not been able to perform.

ART. 21.—*The Tears of Peter. A Sermon, translated from the original French, of the late Rev. Peter Du Bosc, Pastor of the French Church at Rotterdam. To which is prefixed an Account of the Author.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Button *and* Son. 1804.

Du Bosc was one of the principal French preachers at the time when Louis XIV. was laying the foundation for the late revolution, and the destruction of his own family, nobility, and clergy, by the atrociously wicked and inhuman persecution of the Protestants on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Caen was the seat of Du Bosc's ministry; whence he was, in 1664, banished to Chalons, on the pretext that he had compared 'the ear of the priests to a sink, and to a canal, which received all the filth of the city.' His banishment was short; for in the same year he was permitted to return home, and was afterwards employed as one of the deputies to lay the griefs of the Protestants before the throne. In 1685 he was again prohibited preaching; and soon after, retiring to Holland, was appointed minister of the church at Rotterdam, where he died on the 2d of January, 1692. The sermon before us is presented as a specimen of his rhetoric; and if sufficient encouragement be given, four volumes, at eight shillings each, will be published by subscription. Our readers may judge of the style of composition from the following extracts; the subject of the discourse being the tears of Peter.

'Indeed, my brethren, if there be any thing in the world, which ought to affect us in an extraordinary degree; if there be a subject which merits from us a torrent of tears; it is without contradiction, sin: sin, which renders us enemies to God, slaves of the devil, the horror of heaven, the reproach of earth, and the prey of hell; sin, which from a little less than angels, renders us worse than beasts, and reduces us to the condition of demons; sin, which sullies and dishonours our nature, which withers and disfigures our souls, which effaces all their beauty, and overspreads them with a frightful deformity; sin, which offends a God supremely amiable, a Father infinitely good, a Judge terrible and almighty; sin, in a word, which makes us butts for the arrows of him who can kill not only the body, but the soul also, and send them both into hell-fire. This is, indeed, the evil which ought to draw tears from our eyes; this is almost the only thing on account of which we ought to shed them, and for which we can do it ingenuously. For, all other evils have their advantage; they glorify God, they advance our salvation, they work our sanctification; and it is in their bitterness, that the Holy Spirit lets us taste the celestial sweets of his consolations and his favours. But sin is an evil in all respects, which offends God, destroys men, disturbs our rest, corrupts our integrity, and ruins our happiness. Forasmuch as other evils ought to be borne with constancy, the wise man views their approach with comparative calmness, and tears on account of them, are often blame-worthy; but sin cannot be too much lamented, and the tears, which this miserable subject draws from us, are just, they are necessary and pleasing to God.' P. 21.

The Protestant churches of France had, at that time, great reason for fasting; and its effect may be seen in the following remonstrance:

'Though for one day, that we pass fasting, we should pass every week so; though for a tear or two, that we shed, we were to shed a thousand; if we renounce not our vices, if we do not apply ourselves religiously to the practice of virtue; God will have no more regard to our humiliations than to the phylacteries of the Pharisees, or the mortifications of the servants of Baal. I remember, my brethren, that the last fast, which we celebrated in this church, a few years ago, produced not the effects which we had reason to expect. On the morrow, duels were talked of; a few days afterwards there were licentious dances; afterwards other scandals regained their course, and vice began, as before, to walk erect. In the name of God, my well-beloved brethren, let it not be so now; let us profit by our past faults, and become more wise by them: that they may not reproach us, that we have entered into this temple, like the devil, who it is said, in the book of Job, entered into heaven amongst the children of God, which are the blessed angels: for he came out exactly as he went in, as black, as wicked, as much a devil as before. My brethren, you are come to-day into this assembly, as into a sort of heaven, to leave there the cares of the body, to attend only to the duties of the mind, and to feast upon angelic and heavenly food. But God forbid that it should be said of you, as of Satan, that you have come out of it, just such as you entered it, as profane, as debauched, as ardent to

do evil as before. If so, woe unto you, men of stiff-necks and uncircumcised heart. Woe unto you, rebellious and gain-saying people, towards whom God stretches forth his hand all day long, uselessly and in vain. Woe unto thee, ungrateful church, who tramplest under thy feet, so many excellent blessings as the Lord hath granted thee; so many rare favours with which he hath privileged thee; so many holy remonstrances as he hath addressed to thee; so many means as he hath employed according to his infinite wisdom, to lead thee back to thy duty.' P. 48.

ART. 22.—*A Sermon preached at the Anniversary of the Royal Humane Society, in St. James's Church, Westminster, on Sunday, April* 24, 1803. *By the Right Reverend George Isaac Huntingford, D. D. Bishop of Gloucester. To which is added, an Appendix of miscellaneous Observations on Resuscitation. By the Society.* 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Rivingtons. 1803.

In the dedication prefixed to this sermon, the right reverend preacher asserts, 'that not fewer than two thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight persons have been recovered from apparent death, through the means of the royal humane society.' This intelligence could not fail of giving pleasure to 'the discerning and benevolent mind of a minister, who is zealous for public weal;' and in his joy every one of our readers must participate. The utility of the institution cannot be doubted; and every year adds to the information which, by its means, is diffused throughout the nation. The sermon is, as might naturally be expected from the well-known talents and amiable disposition of the writer, admirably calculated for the purpose for which it was delivered. Every thing that hath breath is called upon to praise the Lord; and, after a comprehensive view of various natural phænomena, the subject is brought home to the society, and concluded in the following manner:

'The efforts of this society, we may reasonably imagine, peculiarly acceptable to Almighty God! for its object is, in subserviency to divine Providence, to promote the glory of God by cherishing that gift, which above all others whatever is most universally bestowed, and which therefore, above all others, may be deemed of first and chief estimation. That gift is life. With respect to peculiar properties, they are differently bestowed on the species of different classes, and are marvellously suited to the nature aud condition of animated beings. But life is the general attribute imparted to all: the communication of life therefore should seem to be the distinguishing instance of goodness, in which Divine Benevolence particularly delights. Hence, though in the scale of animated existence they rise with gradation infinitely diversified, yet in participation of sentient life, irrational creatures are combined with man, and man is united with angelic spirits. The innumerable myriads of living creatures connected with our globe and its surrounding atmosphere, the fowls of the air, the inhabitants of the waters, the insect of the day, the more long-lived animal, those that "lowly creep, or stately tread," the savage beast, and the tamer cattle, all in their kind, all in their sphere, all in their proportion, enjoy vital existence: and all have cause to bless that Divine Hand, which, having wonderfully created

them, gives them means conducive to preservation. All have cause to sound forth his praise; but they want the capacity of uttering thoughts. They must speak through man, who is "the head, the heart, the tongue of all." Discriminated as he is from brutes, by rational and spiritual powers; enabled to reflect with consciousness on the superiority of human nature, contrasted with that of the beast; instructed to adore, with pious ardour, the goodness of that Supreme Being who has shewn him peculiar marks of benignity; and endowed with the wonderful and characteristic faculty of clear articulation, in language connected; thus furnished, fitted, and taught, man is the instrument through which must audibly and intelligently speak the millions of creatures visibly seen. Through us then, who are here assembled, under impressions of gratitude, that skill is imparted to cherish the precious gift of life; through you, in particular, to whom the mercy of God has caused that the current of life should again flow, and has thus in a manner renewed your existence; through Christians in all places and nations; through man, wherever found, or however situated, in one great hymn of universal adoration, "may every thing that hath breath praise the Lord." P. 26.

ART. 23.—*A Sermon preached the 15th of January, 1804, on the Opening of the Chapel at Poplar, after its being repaired and embellished at the sole Cost of the Hon. the East India Company. Published by Order of the Committee of Shipping. By the Rev. Samuel Hoole, A. M. &c.* 8*vo.* 1*s.* G. *and* W. Nicol. 1804.

Mr. Hoole has here given to the public a sermon which does him great credit. The following quotation is rather too long for our limits; but the necessity for a regular ministry is set forth in it, in terms so manly, and yet so unpresuming, that we will rather inconvenience ourselves than not offer it to our readers.

'Ignorance, in the majority of men, is helpless and unavoidable; they are busied from morning till night in procuring their daily food; and even were they less occupied, and had sufficient leisure for meditation and religious inquiry, they are, for the most part, incapable of searching out and of thinking for themselves. "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" The doubts and difficulties which obstruct the inquiries of others, who are willing and somewhat more able to inform themselves, are less likely to be removed by their own unassisted reasonings, than by the instructions of men who have made it their business to study and explain the sacred writings. Every science is best taught by its professors; and though Christianity be not strictly a science, nor indeed that kind of mystery, dangerous to be explored by common men, (which the Romish church would make it), yet in such a volume as the Bible, written in languages long since disused, alluding to customs and ceremonies almost forgotten, and containing, (as an apostle himself observed of St. Paul's Epistles, even at the time when they had just been published), "many things hard to be understood, which they who are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction;" in such a volume,

I say, there must be much to exercise penetration and knowledge, there must be much to call for the particular and minute investigation of a peculiar *order*. And after all the helps that can be had, some obscurity will yet remain. Whoever attempts to make known, to creatures of such limited capacity, the councils and dispensations of the Most High, must adopt the language of the Apostle, "*behold I show you a mystery.*"

'But even should you allow to the clergy no such superiority of knowledge or discernment, yet may they not be able, by their remonstrances and warnings, to awaken those, who are too busy, or too idle, to exercise their own faculties? There are a thousand truths, obvious as the light of day, which yet, in their commerce with the world, mankind seem wholly to forget. That we are mortal we all know; but when we see thousands laying up in store for this world, as though they were to abide here for ever, can it be superfluous to recal them to the recollection of their mortality? Were there no public religious exhortation, would men, of their own accord, meditate on these things in their private dwellings, and retire regularly into their chambers, to commune with their own hearts? Would they search the Scriptures? Would they distinguish with ease its genuine doctrines? Would they fix in their minds its important precepts, and call upon themselves to believe and to reform? By thus contending for a public ministry *do I begin again to commend myself? God is my witness, before whom I stand*, that I do not hold this language, *to magnify mine office*, but from an honest conviction of its truth. Were there no longer any ministers of the Gospel, I suspect that the Gospel itself, without some particular interposition of Providence, would soon be entirely disregarded.' P. 8.

ART. 24.—*A Sermon preached on Tuesday, January* 3, 1804, *at the Presentation of Colours, by the Countess of Harrington, as Representative of her Majesty, to the Queen's Royal Regiment of Volunteers; published at the Request of the Corps, and dedicated, by Permission, to her Majesty. By the Rev. James Moore, LL. B. &c.* 8vo. 1*s.* Hatchard. 1804.

A loyal discourse from the fourth chapter of Nehemiah—"We made our prayer unto God, and set a watch against them day and night."

ART. 25.—*Zeal and Unanimity in the Defence of our Country, recommended in a Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Great Baddow, Essex, on Sunday, July* 24, 1803, *and published at the Request of the Parishioners. By A. Longmore, LL. B. &c.* 8vo. 1*s.* Rivingtons. 1804.

Prefixed to this discourse is a vote of vestry, requesting its publication. Perhaps, on perusal, the sermon itself will not appear to be so very valuable as the preacher's friends seem to consider it; but the warm kindness of the address must enrapture Mr. Longmore's own heart, and convince all others, who read it, how much he possesses the love of his parishioners.

ART. 26.—*The Divine Being a God that hideth himself.—A Sermon, preached on Lord's-Day Evening, January* 1, 1804, *at Salem Chapel, in Leeds, at the Weekly Meeting, for Prayer, on Account of the present State of the Nation. By Thomas Langdon.* 12*mo.* 6*d.* Button *and* Son. 1804.

Four dissenting ministers of Leeds agreed, it seems, to assemble at their respective meeting-houses alternately, on Sunday evenings, to pray for the safety of the country. The sermon before us was preached at one of these assemblies; and is a plain useful discourse, free from politics, free from party spirit, free from theological contention. Mr. Langdon's truly Christian temper is an honour to him: happy would it be for the world, if it were universally adopted!—'He would rejoice to see the day when sincere Christians, of every denomination, however different their speculative opinions and external forms of worship may be, shall regard each other as brethren and fellow-heirs of immortal happiness.'

ART. 27.—*The Revelation of St. John, compared with itself and the Rest of Scripture. By John Marten Butt, A. M. &c.* 8*vo.* 6*d.* Hurst. 1804.

This little pamphlet, of only fifteen pages, appears worthy the perusal of every student in divinity. It contains a few proposed amendments to the Apocalypse, together with a scrupulous comparison of its different parts with each other, as well as with the other parts of Scripture. What the author conceives to be necessary in the following remark, he has been careful to execute well; and this is no small recommendation of his work.

'It does not require much attention to discover that there are many repetitions in this prophecy. The present object must therefore be to discover and bring together all the varied descriptions of the same periods, and to arrange them in chronological order. The Apocalyptical visions thus arranged will form a regular harmony, which should be attentively read and studied before any further advancement be made. It is astonishing how much light the parallel passages reflect upon one another. The prophecy in many places will be self-interpreted.' P. iii.

EDUCATION.

ART. 28.—*Mrs. Wheatley's Friendly Adviser.* 12*mo.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Harris.

Mrs. Wheatley does not pretend, in this little volume, to expose the more prominent features of vice; but attempts only a correction of those habits which, though at first view they may appear to have no evil tendency, yet, if not early eradicated, are likely to be productive of very fatal consequences. Her subjects are—Tattling, Discontent, Peevishness, Listening, Generosity, improper Conduct at Church, Fear, Ridicule of Deformity, Vanity, Attention to Age, Irresolution, Humanity to Animals, and early Piety; and they are severally treated in such a manner as will be likely to affect the minds of that age for which they are intended.

POETRY.

ART. 29.—*The Christmas Holidays; and Black Monday, or the Boy's Return to School; in blank Verse. By Henry Whitfield, M. A. &c. Small* 8*vo.* 1*s.* 6*d.* Highley. 1804.

We noticed the first of these little poems in our Review for March last; the second, which is since added, is rather longer than the former; its merit, however, is not different—the same critique will serve for both.

ART. 30.—*St. Rambert, or the French Royalist. A Poem, in five Cantos. Small* 8*vo.* 2*s.* Ginger. 1804.

Let not the reader be alarmed at these five cantos, for they do not contain altogether more than a thousand lines: we make this remark to prevent his shunning the poem for fear of its size. In regard to its matter, we cannot speak so favourably: the subject, in itself, is not very propitious to metrical labour; and the poet who has undertaken the task appears to possess little merit, except that, indeed, of hating treachery and oppression. The following lines are the opening of the first canto, and will serve as a specimen of the whole.

'Where the sweet track, o'er many a beauteous down,
From Sarum leads to Exon's rural town;
Alone, on foot, a trav'ler press'd the plain,
Just as the sun had sought the western main.
Fair was his form, and comely was his face;
His dress, and more, his manner's mournful grace,
Announc'd him one of Gallia's exil'd race.

'Oft, as his mind some fatal thought had cross'd,
At once his sad serenity he lost;
Then with his clasping hands he held his head;
Cold dews his agonizing brow o'erspread,
While his strain'd features glow'd with ten-fold red;
Thus for a dreadful interval he stood;
Then sunk, desponding, to his calmer mood,
And, with a groan, his wretched way renew'd!' P. 1.

ART. 31.—*The Suicide: with other Poems. By the Rev. Charles Wicksted Ethelston, M. A. &c.* 8*vo.* 5*s. Boards.* Cadell *and* Davies. 1803.

These verses have a higher moral than poetical value. The first and longest piece is a dissuasive from suicide: the second and most finished is an elegy on the death of Howard, whence we shall borrow the following elegant apostrophe.

'But let me pay a tribute to the hand
That nurs'd a husband in a foreign land,
A balmy cordial to the soul convey'd,
And virtue's lustre in a cell display'd;
With female fondness sooth'd his harass'd breast,
Lull'd with the kiss of love his pangs to rest:

Mix'd with his agonizing sobs her own,
And gave a plaintive echo to his groan;
Taught him the dungeon's rigours how to bear,
And nobly show'd him what a wife can share.
Oh woman, man's best treasure here below,
The cradle of his cares, the pillow of his woe!
The chief primeval blessing from above,
The first of God's bequests, was wedded love.
Are you condemn'd to a Peruvian mine,
Ev'n there the virtues of a wife will shine;
On Greenland's coasts, where horrid tempests sweep
With pealing roar along the troubled deep;
Where famish'd hordes in nightly rapine prowl,
And the grim wolf bays with terrific howl;
Where icy mountains, frowning o'er the shore,
Fall with a hideous crash unheard before;
And Nature, freezing with the northern blast,
With dusky Night's broad pinions is o'ercast,
And Horror waves his sceptre o'er the pole,
And scares with wild dismay the astonish'd soul;
Where Chaos seems to hold another reign,
And ride in triumph o'er the darken'd main:
Ev'n here will woman brave the rudest shock
With him she loves, and climb the steepest rock.
Not the abyss of an unfathom'd cave,
Not the dire wreck of the relentless wave,
Not Lybia's coasts, nor Afric's desarts bare,
A husband's image from a wife can tear:
At ev'ry pang, at ev'ry woe she'll smile,
And mix her ashes with his fun'ral pile.
A wife!—but here my tears begin to flow,
Deep in my heart I feel the pang of woe;
I see with Sorrow's retrospective eye
Past joys, and heave a long and cheerless sigh;
Pleasures, which now to tortur'd Mem'ry seem
The floating visions of an airy dream.
Wicksted's gay hill is capt in louring clouds,
Her lily and her rose are cloth'd in shrouds;
No laurel green its smiling branches rears,
The laurel now a cypress-shade appears.
A sombre visage frowns in yonder vale,
Sepulchral groans are wafted on the gale.
Sad, sad remembrance! Mary! art thou gone?
And am I left a hermit here alone?
Bright angel! to my raptur'd sight appear
With thy sweet smile, and linger, linger here.
Look on thy husband, Mary! see him shed
The dewy tribute on his mournful bed.
Thy little cherub sits upon my knee,
Thine own dear child, and seems to look for thee.
Oh hapless blow!' P. 50.

Here the author very pathetically breaks off. The concluding Pindaric ode blazes with loyalty and patriotism.

Art. 32.—*Norbury Park, a Poem; with several others, written on various Occasions. By James Woodhouse. Small 8vo. 4s. Bound.* Symonds. 1803.

From the general tenor of the pieces before us (and especially the smaller ones), Mr. Woodhouse, we have no doubt, is an orthodox Christian, though he is very far from being an orthodox poet: he has more of the fire of piety, than the fire of the muse. The longest composition is that from which the title is derived, and is addressed to Mr. Lock, the proprietor of the scenes that it celebrates. The grateful bard speaks in high terms of the *taste* and *good-nature* of his patron: and those who peruse the following lines, will at least admit of his possessing the latter quality, whatever may be their opinion of the former.

'Such kind good-nature, pardoning all offence,
Interprets trifles into signs of sense—
Such condescension, soothingly will sit,
And strive to construe weakness into wit—
Pure Sensibility with sister smile,
With patience wait and bear her pains the while;
And soft-ey'd Pity's partial ear attend
The feeblest efforts of the humblest friend—
While prompt Politeness, with unbridled ease
Commends, with kindness, poorest aims to please—
And sweet Simplicity, attentive, by,
Will watch each motion of the meaning eye;
While gay Hilarity will gladly join,
To pardon faults, and praise each lucky line.' P. 4.

Our author has been uncommonly fortunate indeed; for he has met with a variety of such friends in the neighbourhood of Norbury, whose virtues he thus extolleth in verses sublimely unintelligible.

'Friends, stretching far their virtues, kind regard,
Beyond the interests of an injur'd bard.
Not to a narrow circle so confin'd,
That self excludes the rest of human-kind;
But hearts enlarg'd, which gladly would embrace,
And heal the wants and woes of all the race.
Enjoying bliss while blessings they bestow,
The happiest use of pow'r and wealth below!
Friends that might furnish many a nobler lay,
Like gems about its crown their beams display,
Did some sublimer Muse appreciate worth,
Above ungracious, groveling, worms of earth—' P. 11.

The poet then assumes a bolder tone, and, from a consciousness of his own internal sweets, and the noble banquet they are perpetually furnishing these favoured and classic friends, abruptly compareth himself to a bee-hive, and his friends to the bees that inhabit it.

'Friends, while they honour Stanmore's fair *outside*,
The grateful feelings of my heart divide,
And, *filling up my soul's respective cells*,
Each in its warmest mansion ever dwells.' P. 12.

We have now all the beauties of Norbury fully displayed before us. Our author objects to '*temporal* cascades'—and tells us, that

'Here might the Muse, with *syllogistic* truth,
Sing yews, five *centuries* old, still fresh with youth;
Like hardy sires, in *ant'deluvian* days,
Defying fell disease, and Time's decays.' P. 29.

He afterwards apostrophises the box-tree, which he seems to mistake for the laurel, if we may judge from the two last lines of the following extract:

'Ye thickening bow'rs of intertwining box,
Whose matted networks wrap the secret rocks;
To suck their snowy bosom closely cling,
And hide their naked paps with endless spring—
Will you, while warm imagination roves
Thro' your symphonious, never-fading groves—
Will you vouchsafe one small, one smiling, spray,
To crown my Muse and chear her on her way?' P. 31.

A *sprig of birch* would, we think, be more appropriate, and produce a more beneficial effect.

The merit of the smaller pieces which follow, is not much superior. The following fable, entitled 'The Boy and Butterfly,' we select as an advantageous specimen.

'Wak'd by the summer sun's enlivening ray,
A splendid moth emerg'd to share the day,
Rang'd round the lawns, and flutter'd thro' the bow'rs—
Sipp'd the clear streams, and suck'd the honey'd flow'rs—
Till, tir'd with wanton sport, she stoop'd to rest
Upon a downy nettle's traitorous breast.

'The gay coquette a giddy stripling view'd,
And, ardently, from flow'r to flow'r pursued—
With transport saw the prostrate beauty lie,
In radiant charms, before his ravish'd eye:
When, rushing, eager, the glad prize to gain,
Mid fancied pleasure found a lasting pain.
Thus Vice displays her fascinating charms,
Fond youth deluding to her fatal arms—
Leads on, a while, the tantalizing race,
Still offering rapture in the bold embrace;
Concealing, like the moth's embroider'd wing,
The *poisonous* nettle's *deleterious* sting.' P. 110.

This last line has a most *deleterious* tautology. The phrase, three lines above—*tantalizing race*—should be *tantalised race*; and the verb

found, three lines higher still, is without a nominative case: it should have been

Mid fancied bliss *he* found, &c.

We should have summed up our observations in fewer words, but that we find our author's muse is still pregnant, and we wish, if possible, to prevent an abortive offspring.

ART. 33.—*The Pleasures of Nature; or, the Charms of rural Life. With other Poems. By David Carey. Small* 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d. Boards.* Vernor *and* Hood. 1803.

Those poets are always most successful, who attempt to found a school of their own. Those who write from imitation, even when they attain their model, attain but a subordinate praise. This writer is but an imitator—and an imitator of the tedious Beattie. The ninety stanzas on the charms of rural life are mere copies of the Minstrel, and copies of inferior and secondary execution. Descriptive poetry is at best flat: not but that descriptions form, in all poetry, except the dramatic, the principal portion; but unless descriptions be concatenated by the incidents of a tale, and enlivened by the participation of human observers, they speedily tire. Virgil's Georgics and Thomson's Seasons interest most where they digress into epic poetry. We recommend, therefore, to the author to consecrate his powers of versification, which have attained great polish and apparent facility both in the elegant and comic lines, to the higher and narrative walks of poetry. There is many a poem of the Italians aad Germans which merits translation; there is many a metrical romance which deserves to be modernised and re-fashioned; there is many a tale of fairyism, or chivalry, which would please more in metre.

'Perhaps some tale tradition shall supply,
Or classic page, where all the Muses meet,
That to the harp attun'd, with minstrelsy,
Shall the long tedious night of languor cheat;
A tale of hapless love, that shall complete
The soul's subjection to the warbling wire;
A tale of injur'd worth, that the fierce heat
Of wrathful indignation shall inspire,
And set the crimson tide, that floods the heart, on fire.' P. 51.

Of the parodies, perhaps that founded on Gray's Eton College has most novelty and spirit.

'Ah, books belov'd! ah, pleasing shop!
So form'd to entertain;
Where one so easily may pop
His nose in time of rain.
I feel th' immortal Three-times Three
Inspire, whene'er I think of thee;
As down I sit of thee to write,
My grey goose quill they seem to warm,
And, redolent of rapture, charm
Away my senses quite.

'Say, C——, for thou hast seen
Full many a critic race,
With learned phiz, thy walls within,
The paths of knowledge trace;
Who foremost now, with sapient looks,
Delight to rummage 'mong thy books?
Who into disputations fall?
What idle progeny succeed,
To sit the live-long day and read,
And still find fault with all?

'Whilst some, on information bent,
Their deep researches ply,
And, on the *tomes* of old, intent
Still pore with curious eye;
Some, more advent'rous, seize the pen,
And strain each nerve, and rack their brain,
And dare themselves to gain a name;
Still as they write, they hither hie,
To gain of strength a new supply,
And snatch a dubious fame.

'Theirs are those hopes, by wisdom nam'd,
The day-dreams of the wise,
The wish believ'd as soon as fram'd,
The author's Paradise!
Theirs, fortune in idea bright,
Posts, pensions, captivate the sight,
And mitres, and fat benefices;
Her sinecures the state allows,
Already, too, the church bestows
Her flocks and golden fleeces.

'Alas! in learning's, nature's spite,
They stain the spotless page;
No sense have they of what they write,
Nor of reviewers' rage:
Yet see how all around them wait,
The angry ministers of fate,
Arm'd with the lash, with venom cramm'd,
Ah, show them where, in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band—
Ah tell them they'll be damn'd!!!' P. 111.

There is a sort of comic poetry in fashion with Joshua Sylvester and his contemporaries, known by the name of an Echo; but we are not quite inclined on this occasion to try our skill at it—less from a sense of the impropriety than of the facility of the effort.

ART. 34.—*Syr Reginalde; or, the Black Tower. A Romance of the twelfth Century. With Tales and other Poems. By William Herbert and Edward Wedlake Brayley. Small* 8vo. *5s. Boards.* Vernor *and Hood.* 1803.

The Annual Anthology contained at first a larger proportion of good and original ballads, than any other extant collection of En-

glish poetry, without excepting the Reliques of Percy, or the Scottish Minstrelsy. But, having been coolly reviewed, it was coolly received; for few persons have the courage to look poetry in the face, to examine if the words be significant or only sonorous, and to like lines for sense, rather than sound.

The authors before us have read, and have in some degree been formed by a perusal of the Annual Anthology; for the marks of imitation are frequently apparent in their compositions. They, too, are somewhat negligent of scansion, and very attentive to the selection of vivid, picturesque, definite imagery, which presents a striking and stimulant picture before the mind's eye.

The first poem, Sir Reginald, is a series of terrific and impressive scenery and adventure, told with warm variety of diction. But the fable is ill contrived: the ghosts are sham ghosts; the death of the heroine is a sham death; yet the solution, or explanation, of these deceptions is more improbable than real apparitions, or magic, would have been. It is no business of the poet to prove that what he tells might have been true: he should imagine himself an ox or an ass, and describe the most natural and trivial events, with the wonder of ignorance, with the astonishment and admiration of stimulated stupidity. The inferior animals, no doubt, ascribe to magic and miraculous intervention those results of human conduct, which succeed to causes in their judgement inadequate: and it is from such a point of view, that the epic poet should exactly contemplate all human action. Write about your hero as his dog would do, and you will make a good epopœia. What you describe as marvellous will thus be probable.

The Devil and Lawyer is a mere elopement of two personages often coupled: it would have been better to have prepared the catastrophe by some tale of roguery.

The Traveller and Sexton is well told: we shall transcribe it.

'A traveller, at the close of day,
Just as the sun went down,
With riding tir'd, pursu'd his way
Towards where, involv'd in clouds so grey,
Dim gleam'd the distant town.

'Chill gloomy mists the heav'n o'ercast,
The clouds look'd big with rain:—
He wrapp'd his cloak, and ey'd the blast,
And spurr'd his steed, and gallop'd fast
O'er the wide dreary plain.

'Thus, hast'ning on—the night grows dark,
Black frowns the lonely dell!
No road appears, nor house, nor mark,
To guide his doubtful way;—but, hark!
Deep tolls a funeral bell!

'Loud and more loud, upon the breeze,
The mournful murmers spread,
When, turning quick, alarm'd he sees
A village spire o'ertop the trees,
Where rest the lowly dead.

'What shall he do?—where shelter seek,
To skreen him from the show'r?—
The rising winds blow cold and bleak,
Blue lightnings flash, and thunders break,
And rattling torrents pour.

'Perplex'd he throws his head around,
Wild with a thousand fears;—
And, while his thoughts with cares abound,
Bright glitt'ring o'er the flooded ground,
Sudden—a *light* appears!—

'He turns to view—the tinted rays
Bespeak it from the church;—
'Tis gone!—but now a lantern's blaze
Its pale yet social beam displays,
Dim glimmering in the porch.——

'It chanc'd the squire, that afternoon,
Had buried been, in state;—
The rites were o'er, the people gone,
Yet, ere the sexton's task was done,
The evening had grown late.

'The traveller asks with eager haste,
"Friend, is the village nigh?"——
"'Tis two or three good miles at least,
And all across a dreary waste,"—
The sexton made reply.

"Is there no inn, nor house a-near?"
"None!—you had best alight,
Tie up your horse, take shelter here,
And when the stormy clouds shall clear,
I then will set you right.

"'Tis a long, dark, and dangerous way,
And there are pits beside,
That would the stoutest heart betray,
And ten to one you go astray,
Unless you have a guide."

'No choice remains—for now again
The bellowing thunders roll,
Down rush deep-whelming floods of rain,
And, wildly, o'er the neighbouring plain,
Impetuous whirlwinds howl.

'The traveller quits his smoking steed,
And ties him to the porch;
And with the sexton then agreed,
That, while the angry storms proceed,
He'd shelter in the church.

'The sexton turns the creaking key,
The doors wide open fly;
And, by the partial gleam, they see,
Involv'd in deep obscurity,
A fabric rude and high.

'Banners and 'scutcheons, round the pile,
With gloomy grandeur rose,
And down the dark and "long-drawn" aisle,
Where sculptur'd forms the thoughts beguile,
The silent dead repose.

'Deep shadows o'er the pathway glide,
The traveller shrinks with fear;—
And now upon the tombstone's side,
Fierce warriors, arm'd in martial pride
And trophied pomp, appear.

'The moon's pale beam, the aisles between,
Play'd feebly o'er the wall;—
And, though no forms distinct are seen,
Loud, dismal shrieks, from birds obscene,
The traveller's soul appal.

"*Advance!*" the Sexton cries; "*advance!*"—
Sounds from the hollow walls.—
The traveller starts! when, dire mischance,
As if to mock his fearful glance,
Adown the lantern falls!

"Good God!" exclaims the luckless wight,
"Now what is to be done!"—
"Done!—why, I'll go and strike a light:
Stay here, you have no cause for fright,
I shall be back anon."

"Be quick, for heaven's sake," cries the man;
"This is a dreadful place!"—
The stumbling Sexton slow went on,
While hollow echoes solemn ran
Around the vaulted space.——

'His rallied spirits now dispel
The traveller's former fears,
Compos'd he sits, when, dread to tell!—
Alarming thoughts again impel,
As something strikes his ears!

'The sexton's step!—It was not that!
'Twas a deep rattling sound,
That, with a thund'ring pit-a-pat,
Advanc'd near where the traveller sat,
And shook the hollow ground.

'Aghast, and terror-struck, he rose
Speechless with wild surprise;—
When, as the rapid lightning glows,
Through the stain'd windows, they disclose,
A flaming pair of eyes!

'In chilly currents moves his blood,
No power is left to fly;
When, lo! as air-form'd shadows scud,
Before his glance a phantom stood,
Dread, monstrous, dark, and high.

'With scream prolong'd, it shook its head—
The traveller at the sound
Thinks he hears roused the sheeted dead,
And, soon with quaking limbs outspread,
Drops fainting to the ground.

'The noise, alarm'd, the sexton hears,
And hastily returns;
For well he wot the traveller's fears
Would vanish when the light appears,
Which once more dimly burns.

"What, ho!" he cries, "how goes the night?"
The traveller, like a corse,
With fearful glance beholds the light
Display the cause of all his fright,
In one grim form—his horse!—

"Brutes have no souls," the schoolmen say—
And yet our traveller's pad,
Had from the tempest run away—
Thus making of his wits display,
As much as if he had.

'Left to himself, he quickly tore
The fast'ning from the porch,
And, ent'ring the wide-open door,
Slow pacing o'er the marble floor,
Sought refuge in the church.' P. 83.

The Spectre Queen displays poetic power, without being a good poem. There is a want of cohesion and connexion between the images of terror; a want of motive for the successive apparitions, which is unskilful. We might mistake this ballad for a description of a magic-lantern slide.

The volume is certainly not dull: it may include pieces too feeble for publication, and be open to charges of carelessness and incorrectness; but it is a hopeful specimen of youthful talent, and the pleasing monument of a friendship, knit and consecrated by the sympathetic love of song.

NOVELS.

ART. 35.—*Barbara Markham; or, the Profligate requited. A Novel. 2 Vols.* 12*mo.* 7*s. Boards.* Richardsons.

A work addressed to the duchess of Bedford, printed by the Philanthropic Society, should not be disgraced by scenes of indecorum or immorality. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that the permission must have been surreptitiously obtained; and we think the connexion of the society with the publication should be disavowed. In the predicament in which these volumes stand, their purity should be unexampled; the snow should be unsoiled. We might have reprehended similar faults in other works: in one introduced to public notice as these volumes are, the censure should be severe for the slightest impropriety.

The general conduct of the story is exceptionable. The mischief that may arise from the language, the conduct, and the schemes of Bearcroft, is poorly compensated by the miscarriage of his plans. Villany is followed so closely in its steps, as to teach rather than deter from its paths. The conduct of the heroine is highly illaudable and indelicate. Instead of relying on her former character and her future behaviour to counteract the malice of her seducer, she puts on male attire, and becomes a professed gambler. It is true, she saves some victims to the arts of the black-legs; but she lives on the minor spoils, and seems not to object to deceit, if within certain limits.

The immorality of this conduct is partly apologised for, by her not deriving any portion of her plunder from deceit, but from superior skill in play, and by the chances she may have of preserving some destined victims from ruin. Is a man in a duel, who opposes a rifle-barrel to a common one, innocent? And where is the code of morality which justifies guilt because it may become ultimately useful?

With respect to the language, since we know that to select instances would be to disseminate the poison, we shall refrain from what we at first intended. The general style of Bearcroft is to deck vice in its most glowing colours. This, it will be said, is characteristic and natural; but, in a work like the present, is it necessary? The villain may be pointed out by his conduct: he should not sully the ears of virtue by his descriptions. Where, however, this plea cannot be urged, where the author attempts to trace the ideas of the seducer, the language is still more exceptionable; and, were we to quote p. 134 of the first volume, we might ask if this be a work that should be read by a woman of virtue, or published by a Philanthropic Society?

Art. 36.—*Lobenstein Village. A Novel. Translated by Mrs. Meeke, from the French of Augustus La Fontaine.* 4 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 16*s. Boards.* Lane *and* Co. 1804.

This novel rises greatly in interest above many modern productions of the same class; and could the *dénouement* have been properly completed in the third volume, we should have thought it truly excellent. The fourth hangs heavily on hand: it is a tale twice told; the conclusion is anticipated, and not very artfully explained. The little episode of Mary Gobel, her elopement and rescue, contains also some circumstances scarcely probable. In other respects the adventures are well managed, and the characters admirably supported. Lindner is a good but not a servile copy of Father Shandy. Sabina, like Mrs. Shandy, is somewhat of a *poco-curante*. Theodore, the foundling, is not distant from Tom Jones; but Augustus is no Blifil; and Senk is not a Square; yet we suspect that Fielding's work suggested the present. On the whole, as we have already observed, this novel merits very considerable commendation.

Art. 37.—*Amelia Mansfield, translated from the French of Madame C***. Author of Malvina and Claire d'Albe.* 4 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 14*s.* Gameau *and* Co.

The novel before us is truly affecting, and, in this respect, very

nearly approaches Werter. Such distressing scenes are not, however, those which we wish to be commonly circulated, though the sentimental fair one may desire to be beguiled of her tears, to indulge in the luxury of grief. German *hauteur*, the source of the distress, appears indeed to the English reader ridiculous; and we are disgusted at viewing such scenes, when we reflect on a cause so truly inadequate. The morality, also, is not always very strict; but the story is conducted with art, and rendered, in many parts, highly interesting.

ART. 38.—*Margaret of Strafford: an historical Romance, interspersed with several Anecdotes of the Reign of Charles II. and other Memorials relative to the Revolution. By Madame Stael, Author of Delphine, &c. 5 Vols.* 12*mo.* 15*s. Boards.* Hughes.

We have lately stated the object of the historic novel, and shortly noticed the conduct of the most successful writers. When we have occasion to return to the subject, and remark the unsuccessful authors —those who are either ignorant of history, of the characters and manners of the period, or despise such attention—we shall mention madame Stael. We know not that we have ever been more thoroughly disgusted than with the historic misrepresentation before us. If we were not satisfied with the conduct of Ernest de Woldemar for gaining the love of Amelia under a borrowed name because his own was hateful, how much less must we be pleased with lord Lovel for voluntarily and deliberately seducing the affections of lady Margaret, while his wife, the object of his own choice, was alive. We need only mention that Cromwell is represented as a gallant *petit-maître*, to convince the reader of madame Stael's ignorance of history; or the trait just hinted at, to prove that her morality is as likely to injure as her ignorance is to mislead, the inexperienced reader. These are, however, not the only instances in which history is mistaken and libertinism inculcated by example: there is scarcely any page in which virtue is encouraged, and only in the faintest outline are history and the manners of the times preserved inviolate.

MISCELLANIES.

ART. 39.—*An Authentic Account of the late unfortunate Death of Lord Camelford; with an Extract from his Lordship's Will, and some Remarks upon his Character. By the Rev. William Cockburne, A. M. &c.* 8*vo.* 1*s.* Hatchard. 1804.

ART. 40.—*A Letter to the Rev. William Cockburne, A. M. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, &c. occasioned by his Pamphlet relating to Lord Camelford's Death. By one of the Magistrates of the Public Office in Great Marlborough-Street.* 8*vo.* 1*s.* Ginger. 1804.

In the former of these pamphlets, Mr. Cockburne vindicates with some zeal the character of his late unfortunate patron and friend. This defence is creditable to the author; for, as lord Camelford is no more, it must be the effusion of gratitude; and it will be pleasant to all honest minds, because they will rejoice to find that a nobleman who possessed so many faults, had also the counterbalance of some eminent virtues. But Mr. Cockburne should have stopped here; he certainly

has been very culpable in misrepresenting, either through ignorance or ill-will, the conduct of the most useful body of men in the metropolis. To this part of his publication the second pamphlet is an answer; and in it the author has refuted the charges against the Marlborough-street Police-Office in a manner so satisfactory, as will (or at least ought to) make Mr. Cockburne blush. Yet, alas! even this performance calls upon us for the unpleasant task of censure.—'The public have never had many obligations to the younger part of your profession!'—Can this be the printed language of a magistrate? yes, and more than this.—'Your manners, appearance, and habits, are almost sufficiently disgusting to drive any moderate quiet-minded man to hug a good presbyterian pastor in preference to you.'—When a man of Mr. Neve's understanding re-examines these passages, he will wish them unwritten. He will reflect that it is not liberal to censure a whole order for the fault of an individual; nay, that it is not just; for to many of the younger part of the clergy the public have great obligations, for admonition, for example, and for reproof. Thank God there are not wanting among them, in the circuit of the British empire, hundreds 'who are burning and shining lights to guide the feet of his people into the way of peace.' Mr. N. will call to mind, that men are not ordained when they are advanced in years; therefore, from those who are now young must the bench of bishops be one day chosen, as well as a very considerable proportion of the magistracy of the kingdom. He will see the impolicy of raising a schism in the minds of his readers by preferring a sectary to the established clergy, who form a leading part in that system, of which his office also is an honourable distinction. From these considerations he will, as we said before, wish such passages had not appeared; for it is by such remarks, that sceptics and fools are encouraged to laugh at religion and the laws.

ART. 41.—*Annals of Philosophy, Natural History, Chemistry, Literature, Agriculture, and the mechanical and fine Arts, for the Year* 1801. *By several Gentlemen. Vol. II.* 8vo. 9*s. Boards.* Cadell *and* Davies.

The premature death of Dr. Garnett checked the progress of this publication; but Messrs. Aikin 'undertook the part at a short warning,' and have executed it with decency. The abridgement of the different papers in the foreign and English journals, as well as the volumes of Philosophical Transactions of different countries, is clear and judicious. The authors have aimed at little more; and indeed to bring together into one view what is thus dispersed, is, in many respects, advantageous. The History of Galvanism, prefixed to the first volume, is continued with similar attention. Messrs. C. and A. Aikin have executed the philosophic and chemical part only. What relates to natural history, is compiled by the author of that department in the first volume, and is arranged under the different heads of zoölogy, botany, and mineralogy.

This arrangement is in some degree now altered. The miscellaneous follows the philosophical part; and the obituary is placed at the end of the catalogue of annual publications.

The department styled 'miscellaneous,' contains an account of im-

provements in agriculture, in the arts, and the fine arts. This part might be rendered more complete and interesting. It at present contains some facts of importance; but we perceive numerous omissions.

The literary department offers us an account of English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Portuguese, and Russian literature. It cannot, however, rise above the dignity of a catalogue; for the titles only of the greater number of works are given, and of the most important a few lines constitute the whole notice. Even the catalogue, however, is exceedingly incomplete; and the omission of booksellers' names increases the inconvenience, as those works which the reader would wish to peruse he will find it difficult to procure.

The obituary contains some account of the lives of the rev. Newcome Cappe; Mr. Manning, who completed Lye's Saxon Dictionary; Dr. Blayney; Mr. Barret; Mr. Hurdis; Dr. Blair; Mr. G. Wakefield; Dr. Heberden; sir G. Staunton; Dr. Dimsdale; Dr. Pultney; Mr. Warner; Mr. Halliday; Mr. Miller, of Glasgow; sir Grey Cooper; David Levy; Mr. Orme, the historian of Indostan; Mr. Williams, author of some military treatises, and the fostering hand which raised the Courier to its zenith of fame; Mr. Isaac Wood, of Shrewsbury; Mr. John Holt, of Walton; Mrs. Chapone; Mr. John Donaldson, of Edinburgh; Mr. Cocking, master of the free-school at Lancaster; Mrs. Robinson; and some foreign authors, among whom the most distinguished are the count de Guignes, and the mild, benevolent, but visionary Lavater. We cannot, however, approve the proportion of attention which these different authors receive, nor some of the opinions their lives suggest. The recollection of genius might be expected to animate the biographical sketch; but the same dull monotony pervades the list; and it is little more interesting than a muster-roll of names.

ART. 42.—*A Treatise on a Mathematical and Mechanical Invention for Chimney Sweeping. With a Disquisition on the different Forms of Chimnies, and shewing how to cure Smoky ones. By G. Orr, Esq.* 8vo. 1*s.* Ginger. 1803.

The public attention has of late been very much solicited to the state of the poor sweepers of chimneys; and many ingenious devices have been recommended to prevent the necessity of employing young children in such dangerous services. The following seems calculated to answer many good purposes.

'In chimnies, where there are no pots at top, such as most of the new ones about Russell-square, a small bar of iron is to be placed across the chimney at top, secured in the brick-work. This bar is to be made of wrought iron, the undermost edge of which is to be thinned off very fine, to prevent its giving any resistance to the draft of air, which most certainly it will not. To the centre of this bar is fixed a pulley, moving round on its axis. Over this pulley is fixed a brass or iron rotatory, or revolving chain, passing double down the chimney, and coming out below, about a yard double. This chain is to have no interruption, but, like a jack-chain, to revolve continually, when in use. When not used, there is a nail inside of the chimney, at the bottom, about a yard or less up, where one can reach with

their hand, and on which it is to be hung. When about to be used, it is taken down, and to one side of it a brush is to be fastened, of the following description. The wood is to be formed something of the shape of the flue, but less by about a couple of inches or more. The wood of this brush is to be rounded a little at the ends and angles, in order that it may not catch the brick-work or wall of the flue. The brush is to be filled with the strongest, stiffest, and best bristles, to extend wider, by two inches, on all the four sides, than the flue. The wood is to be sawed into the centre on one side, so as to admit the chain to pass into the centre, where it will remain. At each end of the brush will be a small swivel, like the swivel of a dragoon's sword-belt. This is hooked into one of the links of the chain at each end of the brush, to keep it from rolling about. When this is fixed, which will not take more than half a minute, a person that is to perform the operation takes hold of the opposite side of the chain, and hauls away, like a sailor hauling a rope. The brush ascends, pressing closely against the sides of the flue, and consequently brushing off all the soot as it goes along. When it is pulled up a short distance, say a yard or two, the sweeper may take hold of the chain, one side in each hand, and saw it up and down, every yard's length or so, until the brush arrives at the pulley at top, where it will stop. It is then to be hauled down, by pulling the side of the chain to which the brush is attached; and by the time the brush arrives at bottom, the chimney will be completely clean. It may be hauled up several times; and the whole operation may be performed in about two minutes, let the chimney be ever so high.' P. 9.

It is recommended, also, that the chimneys should be made with curved bricks in a cylindrical form; and thus a less aperture would be necessary, and the chimney be less liable to smoke. We shall be happy to hear the result of the author's theory, when reduced to practice—for on paper it appears extremely plausible; and if it really answer, independently of the accomplishment of a more benevolent design, it will prevent many a good dinner from being spoiled by the fall of soot into the dishes.

ART. 43. *A Description of Matlock-Bath; with an Attempt to explain the Causes of the Heat, and of the petrifying Quality of the Springs: to which is added, some Account of Chatsworth and Kedleston, and the mineral Waters of Quarndon and Kedleston. By George Lipscomb, Esq. Small* 8vo. *3s. sewed.* Longman *and* Rees.

Mr. Lipscomb has given a full and entertaining account of Matlock, of the adjacent scenery, and the surrounding objects of interest or importance. Little, however, is added to former descriptions; yet, if we recollect rightly, the present is more complete than any other that we have read. We shall select a specimen of our author's descriptive talents.

'From Chatsworth to Matlock, every turn of the road presents a variety of scenery, capable of forming a complete picture: rugged rocks are finely contrasted by the most verdant pasturage, the horror excited by the former is softened by a variety of trees which descend from the summit of the hills to the very edge of the river;

and the tameness of fields in tillage is happily relieved by the gentle inequalities which vary and diversify their surface, while the crystal stream of Derwent beautifully reflects the objects which adorn its banks.

'Near Matlock-Bath, the valley is enclosed between two ranges of bold and romantic eminences, washed by the river Derwent, which sometimes glides majestically beneath the skirt of a gorgeous robe of wood, which clothes the mountainous boundary of this delightful spot, and sometimes brawls among the pebbles which form its bottom, or dashes against the rugged rocks that constitute its banks: while every where the luxuriant branches of the trees, impending from the cliff, dimple the crystal surface of the stream.' p. 5.

We have no analysis of the waters from our author's experiments, but shall add his new theory of their impregnation. We must premise, however, that the heat of the springs is 69°, that they contain about 37 or 38 grains of solid matter in a gallon, of which 12 or 13 are vitriolated magnesia, and the remainder calcareous earth with a small proportion of iron.

'1st. It is well known from the experiments of Dr. Percival and others, that a portion of saline matter is detected in these waters.—2dly. It is equally well known that the acid of sea-salt will dissolve lime in considerable quantity.

'May we be permitted to conjecture that the water of these springs, being previously impregnated with salt, becomes saturated with lime in its passage through the strata before described, and is afterwards decomposed by the addition of pyrites dissolved in the rain water, which percolates through the supercumbent strata? for pyrites containing sulphur, the heat which takes place during the solution of pyrites will necessarily disengage a certain proportion of its acid: and sulphuric acid will immediately unite with lime when held in solution by the weaker acids, and when united with it, fall down in what is chemically denominated calcareous sulphate; and heat is again generated during the process.

'The following circumstances will appear to support this hypothesis:

'1st. That there is present in the Matlock water a much greater quantity of calcareous matter than common water is known to be capable of holding in solution, without the assistance of an acid.

'2dly. That muriate of iron, which would be necessarily formed by the marine acid uniting with the iron of the pyrites after the former had been disengaged from the lime by the sulphuric acid which had previously existed in combination with the pyrites, is perfectly soluble in water, but may be detected therein by the purple colour which is communicated by the addition of the infusion of galls, as in Dr. Pennington's experiment.

'3dly. That on a chemical analysis of the calcareous encrustations deposited by the water, they have been found to contain a small portion of iron mixed with sulphate of lime: and Dr. Short detected the presence of iron also, in the residuum procured by evaporating the water, as before mentioned.

'In this manner all the phenomena observable at Matlock and in similar springs, may, I think, be reasonably accounted for, on princi-

ples well understood, and capable of the clearest demonstration; without resorting to mere hypothetical conjecture, which is both difficult to be comprehended, and incapable of proof.' P. 26.

A list of the plants round Matlock, from Mr. Pilkington; an account of the manufacture of spar ornaments; of sir R. Arkwright's improvements; descriptions of Chatsworth and Kedleston, &c. are added; and the whole forms a very complete guide to this pleasing district, insulated among barren mountains. An hepatic spring of the heat of 53°, which contains, besides the sulphur, 38 grains of sea-salt, and 42 grains of calcareous earth, in a gallon, rises in lord Scarsdale's park, now chiefly used in cutaneous diseases, and applied to old indolent ulcers. There is an acidulous chalybeate spring, also, at Quarndon, not far distant.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE thank our correspondent 'W. WILLIAMS' for his communication. The interest which he takes in a very important question is highly creditable to him. At the same time, we doubt whether there be any thing sufficiently novel in his remarks to justify our laying them before our readers. Communications of this kind Mr. Williams is well aware, are in general better adapted to Magazines than to works like our own. If we might presume to suggest a profitable direction to Mr. Williams's industry in this inquiry, we should say that he would be well employed in making a report (if they fall in his way) of any exceptions to Mr. Sharp's theory, or of any additional historic materials which have escaped the notice of Mr. Wordsworth.

WE have only a small space in which to acknowledge Mr. CLARKE'S favour, which we shall reply to, at some length, in our next number. The circumstance of our opening his book with some prepossessions against it, was from an accident only, which it is unnecessary to state. It was mentioned merely to show that its merit was sufficient to counteract any such prior prejudices.

With respect to quotations, we must still say that we prefer a judicious, comprehensive view of an author's opinions, to his own words. The mode in which this is done, will constitute the merit or the fault.

The other parts of his letter relate chiefly to his plan, which he will allow us to observe should have been more fully explained. Others may hence have been mistaken as well as ourselves. The whole of this part of his correspondence shall be placed, at the earliest opportunity, in the clearest view.

We are informed from Weimar that a German translation of Mr. Clarke's work is in the press.

WE understand that Mr. MARSH is at present engaged in writing a Defence of the Illustration of his Hypothesis, in answer to the 'Supplement' lately published by the anonymous author of the Remarks on Michaëlis and his Commentator.